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America Proposes : Asia Disposes

MUCH—a civilisation—may hang on a word. The Americans are pressing for a United Nations vote denouncing Chinese "aggression." Cooler heads, though deploring Chinese "intervention," seek a peaceful solution for which China's second reply to the U.N. cease-fire proposal appears to clear the way—sufficiently, at any rate, for the Asian-Arab group to feel justified in proposing an immediate Seven-Power exploratory conference.

The objections to the American motion are overwhelming. To declare China an aggressor threatens the existence of the United Nations, whose purpose and structure is totally misconceived. When Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin agreed on the basic principles of a United Nations, they decided to confer a veto on the permanent members of the Security Council, because, if any issue of aggression arose in which a Great Power was involved, sanctions voted without unanimity would either be a farce, or would mean world war. We have reached our present false position in the Korean dispute because, rejecting the basic principle, the United States has refused to allow the actual Government of China to take her place on the Security Council. Many Americans to-day seem to have forgotten that the United Nations was deliberately constructed for the conciliation and not for the coercion of Great Powers. "Collective security" to-day is a euphemism for the organisation of one half of the world against the other.

A further objection to the American resolution, *even if the clause contemplating the use of sanctions is deleted*, is that it would give the United States legal authority to pursue a war which no important Power save the United States believes to be either right or expedient. The crux is Formosa, which according to the text of the Cairo declaration (the strong words are obviously Mr. Churchill's) was "stolen" from China by Japan and must be returned to her. If Chiang Kai-shek, whose most extreme ambitions have been encouraged by General MacArthur, is permitted to remain in Formosa with an army trained and equipped by the U.S. for the avowed purpose of invading China, Mao Tse-tung has no alternative but to carry the war and revolution into Formosa. The close historical parallel would have been if the Old Pretender had taken refuge in the Isle of Wight and been defended and equipped for an invasion of England by the French Fleet.

Let no one here or in the Commonwealth comfort himself with the thought that the motion denouncing China's aggression could not involve Britain and probably all the world in war. Apart from the issue of Formosa, General MacArthur, whose activities are totally beyond the control of the U.N. Powers, could be given legal authority to bomb Manchuria, to organise a force to invade Southern China, to blockade the Chinese coast and even presumably to arm "the yellow bastards" in Japan, whose "extermination" it was common form in the U.S. to demand only a few years ago. The truth is that the United States is geared for war and, in its present mood, is disinclined to be diverted into the paths of peace. Nothing has so shocked the world as the statement of Mr. Ernest Gross, Mr. Warren Austin's deputy at Lake Success. At a moment of extreme delicacy in United Nations diplomacy he bluntly declared that America would consider the issue of Formosa only from the point of view of American interest and strategy.

This attitude is the more alarming because the second Chinese reply accepted in almost every particular the demands made upon China in the U.N. cease-fire resolution, to which America was herself a signatory. China no longer refuses a cease-fire before negotiations; she agrees to a cease-fire "for a limited period" during which the Seven-Power Conference should seek the basis of an agreement and settlement. She no longer asks that the negotiations should take place in China. She agrees that the Conference should make proposals to the Korean people about the settlement of their own internal affairs with the aid of other nations. Peking also definitely agrees to "advise Chinese volunteers" to return to China, as part of a general withdrawal of foreign troops.

It is not clear what more conciliatory reply China could have made, nor on what grounds America, which herself agreed to the U.N. proposals, can now refuse to negotiate on this basis. Under these conditions a motion branding China as an aggressor is tantamount to a refusal to negotiate. If war follows, a very large part of the British people and of the Commonwealth, as well as all the nations of Asia, will consider that responsibility lies heavily on America.

Charges and Counter-Charges

After nearly a month's delay, the Western Powers have again asked the Russians to say if they are willing to widen the scope of the agenda for the projected conference on Germany. Meanwhile, as was expected, the Soviet Union has not accepted meekly the counter-charges in the British and French replies to its Note of December 15, protesting against plans for the rearmament of Western Germany. Rebutting as "completely groundless" the argument that the re-militarisation of Western Germany is justified by the creation of the *Bereitschaften* in the Eastern Zone, the new Russian Note returns with vigour to the original line of attack. The North Atlantic Alliance, it contends, is "of an obviously aggressive nature"—an assertion which cannot, of course, be proved or disproved. The rearmament of Western Germany would be not merely a breach of the Potsdam Agreement but, like any form of military alliance with Germany, would be "unlawful" since no peace treaty "legalising the termination of the state of war" with Germany has yet been concluded by any of the Allies in World War II.

Having rehearsed familiar Russian arguments that plans for the reduction and international control of armaments were blocked, not by the Soviet Government but by the Western "warmongers," and that the "subversive activity," of which the British reply on January 5 complained, represented merely "the activity of millions of people throughout the world in support of peace," the Note concludes with a pointed reference to Articles III and VII of the 1942 Anglo-Soviet Treaty. Britain is roundly accused in the Note of violating these Articles, which provided (*a*) that Britain and the U.S.S.R. would take "common action to preserve peace" and (*b*) that they would not "take part in any coalition directed against the other High Contracting Party." There seems to be in this an underlying implication that the Soviet Union might feel bound, in certain circumstances, to revoke the 1942 Treaty. This might not cause any great heart-fluttering in Whitehall, but a similar threat with regard to the Franco-Soviet Pact would probably cause serious concern in Paris. The conference held by M. Schuman with the French Ambassadors summoned from London, Washington and Lake Success is reported to have agreed that France should advocate dropping all plans to rearm Western Germany if a tolerable *modus vivendi* can be secured by negotiation with the U.S.S.R.

The Class Z Reserve

Mr. Bevan complained in the House on Tuesday that public concern about the rumoured plans to call up Class Z reservists had been aggravated by "a great deal of misrepresentation" in the press. Certainly all sorts of disturbing reports—ranging from "refresher" short-period training camps to plans tantamount to partial mobilisation—have been widely canvassed by newspapers during the past few weeks; but we find it difficult to believe that newspapers exhibited this "lack of restraint"—to quote Mr. Bevan—without inspiration from some source. It would not, indeed, be surprising if the Chiefs of Staff, drawing up an appreciation on the assumption that it was the intention to go ahead with the rearmament of Western Germany, advised the Minister of Defence that the risks implicit in this plan demanded the addition, before summer, of several formed and battle-trained divisions to the British forces on the Continent. They might well argue that, with no reduction foreseeable in Britain's Far East and Middle East commitments, those divisions could not be rapidly created without calling up, for an indefinite period, something like 200,000 Class Z reservists—the figure actually given in some newspapers.

That this proposal by the Service Chiefs was ever sanctioned by the Cabinet is improbable; and it is still more unlikely that a call-up on this scale will now be approved. Indeed, if the Chiefs of Staff were responsible for inspiring the original reports of their recommendation, they have defeated their own end: the public reaction has demonstrated, not merely that the veterans of the last war would deem it grossly unfair that they should be singled out for fresh sacrifices while others who did not serve last time again escaped, but that the British people as a whole are by no means convinced that to-day's dangers are most appropriately to be averted by partial mobilisation. After all, though the preliminaries are ominously protracted, are not the Western Powers about to enter on a conference with the U.S.S.R. to discuss, among other things, the demilitarisation of Germany? Surely, argues the man in the street, it would be premature to disrupt hundreds of thousands of lives—to say nothing of the damage to the national economy—by mobilising Class Z reservists while there is still a hope that the Four-Power Conference may be successful.

The strength of public opinion in this matter seems bound to have made an impression on the Cabinet. In the outcome, we expect, a much less disturbing scheme will be adopted. In view of the new techniques in radar and other anti-aircraft devices evolved since 1945, there may well be a case for giving a number of ex-specialists in the Class Z reserve a few weeks' period of "refresher" training, so that, in an emergency, they could at once effectively take their places in a defensive organisation. There would not, we imagine, be any serious public opposition to such a scheme. It would, however, leave the Chiefs of Staff without their fresh divisions.

The Price of U.S. Mobilisation

The confusion and indecision about controls which prevail in Washington were emphasised again last week, when Mr. Valentine, Director of the U.S. Economic Stabilisation Agency, was replaced by Mr. Eric Johnston. The Administration has had a long time to prepare for the shortages and the inflation which have come again to the American economy, yet it seems to have done nothing effective. Food prices have reached a new peak, the stock market has reached its highest point in twenty years despite new curbs on margin buying, and output is falling off in many industries for lack of raw materials. Mr. Valentine belonged to the group of Presidential advisers which thought that producers would "voluntarily" hold the price line, and feared that to attempt overall control of the economy, with an E.S.A. staff of less than five hundred, would be merely to invite chaos and a widespread black market.

Popular concern about inflation has grown ever since the President signed the Defence Production Act last autumn with a flourishing declaration that he now had ample powers to stabilise the economy—and failed to stabilise it. Consequently the White House has decided, it seems, that the time has come to clamp down on the mounting spiral. Mr. Johnston, the "go-getter," has been called in. As the effects of the new Budget are felt, and the Federal Government spends about a quarter of the national income—and more than half that huge amount will be spent on armaments—"stabilisation" can be achieved only by the most drastic controls, comparable to those employed in Britain during the last war. Yet the President has run away from this problem for several months. Understandably, his advisers recall the tremendous difficulties encountered after Pearl Harbour; rationing, wage and price controls never were popular with the American public, and there was widespread evasion, both by producers and consumers. But the U.S. public cannot have a price freeze (the only "popular" control) and an ample supply of consumer goods, *and* war mobilisation. A very large measure of Federal supervision and intervention of all aspects of the economy is unavoidable unless there is to be a runaway inflation. That is the Administration's problem. It is complicated by the fact that, even if it seeks now to act decisively, it lacks the trained staff to implement controls and may encounter non-co-operation in the country, where each special interest wants freedom for itself and socially necessary restrictions upon others.

Road-Rail Co-ordination

Though the strike at London goods depots has been called off, to enable discussion to be held between the Railway Executive and the unions before "integration" is put into effect, the question which has to be settled is important and difficult. One of the purposes of transport nationalization was to bring about economies through co-ordination of road and rail services. Radical changes in this direction will take some time to bring about, but some secondary reorganisation was already taking place. One of these affected the traffic previously road-borne between London and Glasgow; some of this was being transferred to rail carriage. That is to say, lorries working for the Road Haulage Executive would deliver the goods at the rail terminals for long-distance movement by rail. Thus, work was actually being transferred from road to rail; but the railway-employed carters objected to the appearance of road-haulage-employed lorries at the railway depots, because they were afraid that a further extension of the new system might displace them from their jobs. As it is admittedly the purpose of the change to effect economies in manpower, obviously some people are going to be displaced; and the question is whether the reductions are to fall on the railway-employed or on the road-haulage-employed section. The position is complicated by the division of the carters between two unions—the N.U.R. and the Transport and General Workers—which are

not on the best of terms. Clearly, as the Transport Commission proceeds to the larger changes it has in view, the problem of the relations between the two unions and their members is liable to become acute. An effort should be made to establish common negotiating machinery before the trouble recurs.

Looming Coal Shortage

Mr. Robens was not exaggerating when he said, this week, that a cold February would involve a serious danger of coal shortage in March. On January 13, distributed stocks were down to 11 million tons, and output in the fortnight ended on January 20 showed a weekly average of 4.4 million tons, against consumption (including sharply curtailed exports) of over 4.6 million tons in the week ended January 13. At best, it looks as if stocks, by March, will have fallen below the "vulnerable" figure of nine million tons. Experience so far this year has confirmed the view repeatedly expressed in this journal, that Saturday working is not all gain. The fact that, during the past fortnight, shifts worked averaged 4.96 per week strongly suggests that men who work on Saturday take a shift off on a normal week-day. No doubt, influenza may have been a factor in recent weeks; but the miners will take some persuading that five days below ground are not enough.

Two Tracts for the Times

After four years of the Cold War, we are faced with the stark alternatives—negotiation or open conflict. Either there must be some form of armistice between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union, while a new effort is made to remove the most dangerous sources of friction, or the world will shortly be plunged into a devastating war. Such a prospect makes almost irrelevant recrimination about the past or speculation about an ultimate victor. The question that matters is whether war can be averted. Can the West negotiate successfully with the Communist sector of the world? This problem was reviewed recently in a special anniversary issue of the New York *Nation*, in which a distinguished list of contributors—each taking a special problem or area—made a renewed plea for a fresh, positive approach to the Soviet Union. Coming at a moment when American opinion has hardened into embittered intransigeance, it is a welcome expression of common sense on the part of U.S. liberals: the *Nation* remains, on its 85th birthday, loyal to the courageous tradition of Oswald Garrison Villard.

A similar special issue of the *Political Quarterly* (Turnstile Press, 5s.), reviews the Cold War. The contributors, who include the Mayor of Berlin, Professor Hawtrey, Mr. Michael Lindsay, Professor Raymond Aron, and Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., all lay the blame for the worsening situation at the doors of the Kremlin and the Cominform. But they argue that the West has also made errors, some serious, and urge that a limited agreement to differ is possible of achievement, and that this may be the only means of stopping the drift to war. For those who try to secure a balanced and informed view of the world crisis, there is valuable material here.

Strategic Conception ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes : The only good story told about General Eisenhower—and it rings remarkably true—is his remark: "The fact that 3,000 French Communists demonstrated against me doesn't matter. What *is* serious is that there weren't anywhere 3,000 Frenchmen to demonstrate *for* me." Officially, the visit has been "most satisfactory"; only, now even those most "satisfied" are beginning to scratch their heads over the general's pronouncements in Germany. Why say that Germany cannot be *neutral* when, in spite of everything, France is still hoping that an agreement with Russia may yet be reached on the *neutralisation* of Germany? Has the prospect of such an agreement already been finally discarded by the U.S.A.?

On the substance of the Eisenhower talks, the impression is gaining ground that, apart from the two American divisions due in Europe in the Spring, the U.S.A. is in no hurry to send any large defence force to Europe. Even if French rearmament is progressing "favourably," Eisenhower appears not to have been in the least impressed in Holland, Belgium or Italy; and it has already occurred to many that peace in Western Europe is much less effectively protected to-day by any armies than by Russia's unwillingness to render a world war inevitable by invading Western Europe. Why, therefore, provoke Russia by rearming Germany? Not to mention Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick's views on the Nuremberg war criminals, which have disgusted everybody in France.

In any case, what is Eisenhower's strategic conception? The *Tribune des Nations*, a paper which seems to have some useful American contacts, claims that a conception particularly distasteful to the French is gaining the upper hand: since Europe cannot, for the present, be effectively defended against a Russian invasion and can only put up a rearguard action of sorts, Eisenhower will concentrate on organising the eventual *liberation* of Western Europe from bases in Britain and North Africa—which ought to make both France and Britain very happy places to live in. But again—why render an invasion and an even more deadly "liberation" more likely by rearming the Germans?

Meantime some funny business is brewing in Morocco, on which the U.S. has had a strategic eye for a long time. After numerous other *canards*, a rumour was launched on Saturday saying that the Sultan was going to abdicate in his son's favour. This the Sultan promptly denied. But the story only gave further substance to the accounts of the conflict that has been brewing for some weeks between the Moroccan Nationalists, backed by the Sultan, on the one hand, and the French Administration and the feudal lords, including the powerful Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glizoui, on the other. According to *Franc-Tireur*, the French have been playing with the idea of putting the latter, described as "The Bao Dai of Morocco" on the throne, after deposing the unruly Sultan, with his sympathy for the Nationalists' anti-feudal and anti-colonialist ideas.

It is no secret that the proposal made by the Sultan during his state visit to Paris to revoke the Protectorate Treaty was turned down flat, and that since then, General Juin, the Resident-General has—in Indochinese fashion—been seeking the support of all the most feudal and reactionary elements in Morocco against the Nationalists and the Sultan. By accusing the Nationalists of playing "Moscow's game," the Administration is in danger of making the same mistake as in Indo-China. The colonial repression of "nationalism" always leads to "revolutionary extremism." The French Socialists are trying to pour oil on the troubled waters, but will they succeed in restraining the French colonialists in Morocco and their American friends?

PARLIAMENT: Talk in the Lobbies

Wednesday

WHO cares what is on the Whip this week? Not, it would appear, Members of Parliament. Government business on Tuesday was over after a mere two hours' desultory debate—the Penicillin (Merchant Ships) Bill approved after a mere nine minutes. Members were preoccupied with the cost of living, coal, Korea and coalition, rather than with the Town Planning and Penicillin, the Government wanted them to discuss. Only Question Time permitted Members to ventilate their real anxieties in the Chamber. Even the Tories were anxious for information, so that they permitted John Strachey to be heard. Nye Bevan, making his debut as Minister of Labour, was coy about giving information regarding Class Z reserves.

Mr. Churchill probed the Prime Minister about the Government's intentions regarding China. Mr. Attlee answered softly that the Chinese cease-fire proposal merited cautious consideration and would get it from the Government. He condemned "Chinese intervention on behalf of an aggressor"—an exact phrase clearly intended to avert the legal trap implicit in the word "aggressor." "While thanking the Prime Minister for his reply," Mr. Churchill had the faintly disappointed air of one who had hoped to knock one more nail in the Government's coffin and succeeded only in hitting his own thumb.

Since the Chamber would clearly provide no further excitement, back-benchers poured into the lobbies to continue the discussion. Long after the debate had collapsed, the lobbies predigested the arguments that will be regurgitated in the Chamber before many weeks more. Labour Members took comfort from the Prime Minister's statement, which clearly had drawn out awhile the sting of criticism. Relief that the Government seemed ready to take an independent line at the U.N. was accompanied by the belief that back-bench opinion might again prove decisive. Tory Members echoed their Leader's words about the dangers of divergence between the U.S. and us, and reserved further judgment until Churchill speaks again.

As for coalition, despite Lord Kemsley, the Tories want it: Labour back-benchers don't. They put it this way: "The Labour Government is the expression of the claims of the common man. The Tories have not a clue that such a creature even exists. Since we are aiming at a different destination, we must go different ways. Coalition in these conditions is like tying two tomcats by the tails. You may achieve unity, but neither harmony nor progress."

From a universal belabouring of the Minister of Food with rabbits and fish, lobby arguments moved back to party lines about coal. Government supporters blamed the coalowners for past neglect; Tories the Fuel Minister for present shortage. The Tory Member for Bath alone had been bold enough to proffer a short-term solution. Women, said Pitman, should wear warmer clothing: Let Queen Victoria show the way. Redeployment from nylon to flannel would not only overcome the coal crisis but also assist the export market. Members, bi-partisan at least in enjoyment of a good joke, savoured agreeably the tale of the Pitman's *Reflections in his Bath*.

TOM WILLIAMS

MacArthurism in Europe

For over a year there has existed a dangerous cleavage between the United States and the Commonwealth on the subject of China. Last January, Mr. Acheson deliberately announced that America was disinterested in the future of Korea and Formosa, which, he said, it was humbug not to recognise as Chinese. It looked as though the rift was going to be healed by a tacit and grudging acceptance in Washington of the British line, and the consequent admission of the Chinese Communists' representative to the Security Council. But the activities of the China lobby and of Senator McCarthy were too much for Mr. Truman. Anti-Communist feeling was deliberately fanned into a public hysteria which took control of American policy. When the North Korean aggression began last May, Mr. Truman was unable to resist the demand for the "protection of Formosa" and, as the campaign developed, it became ominously clear that the strategy of the United Nations' forces was being determined by the requirements, not of the Charter of the United Nations, but of an utterly irresponsible election campaign. The real victor in that campaign, of course, was General MacArthur; since last November the objective of the U.S. has been, not to limit the Korean affair, but to transform it into one battlefield in a vaster struggle against Asian Communism. Moreover, this objective is now accepted not merely by the extremists of the China lobby and *Time*, but by American public opinion as a whole, including such outstanding progressives as Senator Paul Douglas and Walter Reuther. The American liberals have loyally taken their place in the anti-Communist crusade.

This development of public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic has been paralleled by an equal and opposite development both in this country and throughout the Commonwealth. Even three months ago, criticism of MacArthur and of MacArthurism in general was limited to a very few Left-wing politicians and journals. Every respectable person frowned on it as bad taste of the most subversive kind. Until MacArthur's last ill-fated offensive and Mr. Attlee's visit to Washington, the whole Conservative Party, and indeed a large section of the Labour Cabinet, regarded the paramountcy of Anglo-American agreement as above discussion. So did Mr. Menzies in Australia, Mr. Holland in New Zealand and Mr. St. Laurent in Canada. But, since then, the hysterical momentum of American policy has turned an unpublicised rift into an open cleavage.

We have always believed that some such crisis in Anglo-American relations was bound to occur and that, when it came, it would provide the supreme test of Western unity. Is that unity based on a partnership of free and equal nations, or on the suzerainty of one Great Power? Is America willing to give generous and far-sighted aid from its vast resources without imposing on the recipients the status of submissive satellites? Can the Commonwealth be at one and the same time economically dependent on Washington and a restraining influence on the unpredictable aberrations of American policy? The China conflict has provided the first issue on which an answer to these questions can, and indeed must, be given.

But what form should that answer take? The apparent unity of British public opinion in opposing the branding of China as an aggressor may easily be misleading. All parties are agreed that we must not be dragged into a useless and exhausting Asian struggle, from which only Russia could draw any benefit. But there are profound differences in the motives which have led to this almost unanimous opposition to American policy. Broadly speaking, the Conservative Party accepts the American attitude to Communism and the belief that it can be contained only by military means. Conservatives differ from Washington on the tactical expediency of accepting the challenge in the Pacific. Their position, indeed, is not dissimilar to that of the French in the Abyssinian crisis of 1935. At that time French policy was not concerned with the morality of Mussolini's civilising mission in Abyssinia or the principles of the League of Nations. Its sole concern was to avoid creating an "irrelevant conflict" by imposing sanctions, and to keep Italy from lining up with Germany, the real enemy. At this time, Sir Samuel Hoare was induced by M. Laval to connive at an arrangement which seemed to British public opinion to cut away the whole moral basis of the League of Nations. The result was his repudiation and resignation, followed by half-hearted sanctions.

If the present Anglo-American deadlock is to be resolved, we must realise that the average American believes, in defiance of the Charter, that the mission of the U.N. is to organise collective security against Communism. He is furious because he feels that he is being blackmailed by perfidious Albion into the condonation of Machiavellian power politics. If there is moral principle at stake, he is convinced that it is on his own side. America is prepared to stand up to aggression: Britain is not. America is fighting totalitarianism: Britain is avoiding the struggle.

The only possible answer to this challenge, and the only possible way of regaining the support of American Liberals against MacArthurism, is a British policy based, not on expediency, but on clearly defined principle. It is useless to tell the Americans that their misuse of the Charter for the military containment of Communism is correct, but that we wish it to be applied not in the Pacific, where America's main interests lie, but in Europe, which is our chief concern. If that is our answer, we are, in fact, demanding that Mr. Acheson should share the fate of Sir Samuel Hoare. Yet to all appearances that is just what we are demanding. While we urge the Americans to come to terms with China about Korea and Formosa ("distant countries," to echo Mr. Neville Chamberlain, "of which we know little"), we are still singularly reluctant to negotiate with Russia about Germany. We have actually agreed to rearm the Germans, despite all our treaty obligations, and are talking about pardoning German war criminals, in defiance of every moral principle. It is only on the grounds of the purest expediency, in fact, that we can condemn American policy in the Far East and applaud it enthusiastically in Europe.

This argument is seen to be all the more forcible when we recall that the ostensible reason for our present rearmament programme is to prevent the repetition of aggression by proxy, on the Korean pattern, in other parts of the world. Last September we were told that the main reason why we must strengthen the defences of Western Europe was to deter a military adventure in Berlin, or an incursion of the East German *Bereitschaften* across the zonal frontiers. What most British people fail to observe is that the proposed European defence system is merely an application of MacArthur's principles. An essential part of it, apparently, is the plan to give the West Germans the offensive arms which Syngman Rhee lacked, and to assist General Franco to rearm. And all these things are being done in defiance of Russian warnings and before any attempt has been made to reach an agreed solution of the German problem with the Kremlin. No American can take very seriously our objection to the "protection" of Formosa, or our indignant repudiation of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek, when our morality evaporates so rapidly in face of dangers nearer home. Nor can he assume that we believe in conciliation as more than an expedient, so long as we appear to rule it out in the case of Germany.

In a powerfully argued speech, delivered in the American Senate a few days ago, Senator Paul Douglas accused us roundly of being nothing better than European isolationists. We had no objection to American methods, he said, as long as they were applied to the defence of those parts of the world which concern us most closely. That accusation will remain cogent so long as we talk moral principle and preach conciliation in the Pacific, while practising MacArthurism in Europe. Our demand that the Americans should sacrifice their strategic convenience in the case of Formosa will only become convincing when we have announced our readiness to forgo the strategic convenience of recruiting and equipping German divisions for the defence of the West. Our condemnation of American support for Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee will only ring true when we stop encouraging the nationalists and militarists in Western Germany to believe that they will soon have an opportunity to regain the lost German provinces and to rename Wroclaw Breslau. An unprincipled European isolationism, based on arguments of pure expediency, can only breed an American isolationism of a much more dynamic brand.

Our conclusion is clear. So far, the Commonwealth has played its role valiantly as the conciliator in Asian affairs and it is rightly risking a rupture with the U.S. in order to achieve this objective. But to make our policy

effective, and to regain the support of American liberalism, which we have forfeited in the past months, we must apply these principles in Europe as well. In Korea we are seeking a cease-fire in order to repair the damage to the Western democracies inflicted by General MacArthur. In Europe we still have time to prevent the catastrophe by repudiating the MacArthurism implicit in German rearmament before it is put into action and produces the inevitable explosion. In the case of Germany, at least, let us sit down at the conference table with the Russians before and not after the shooting has begun.

Mr. Bevan's Record

(By a Correspondent)

It is fitting that Aneurin Bevan's translation to the Ministry of Labour should be the occasion for an appreciation of his achievements in his previous Ministerial office. For, though the war-time Coalition was committed to some form of National Health Service, and Mr. Bevan inherited a variety of blueprints for the scheme, the design was of his own choosing. On the structure which he built—sometimes ready to compromise, occasionally obstinate in his purpose—his successors may impose modifications; they are unlikely to obliterate the pattern.

The Ministry of Health produced early in 1944 its White Paper for implementing the Beveridge proposal for a comprehensive universal health service. A tripartite service of general practitioners, clinics and hospitals emerged. The hospital side was to be managed by joint boards of the main health authorities, the county and county borough councils. The voluntary hospitals were to remain autonomous, though subsidised and regulated, while the municipal hospitals passed to the joint boards. Against this stood the plans of the medical profession itself, and of the Labour Party. The doctors did not want either municipal or Ministry control of the hospitals and found their solution in one or several hospital "corporations", on B.B.C. lines. The Labour Party was strongly in favour of a whole-time salaried health service, with the hospitals under municipal control; it was, however, prepared to accept the White Paper proposals as a workable alternative.

So far as the hospitals are concerned, Mr. Bevan realised that, as long as there were two groups of hospital-owning authorities, the service was bound to be a thing of shreds and patches. He realised, too, that the local authorities had a very varied record as hospital administrators, and that their geographical boundaries made them quite unsuitable as the main agents of the new service. Joint boards, he feared, would fragment functionally on parish pump lines. And besides, the doctors would oppose local authority administration in this new form as strongly as they opposed the old set-up.

His solution was both courageous and correct. Both municipal and voluntary hospitals were taken over and placed under new authorities, specially designed as to areas and composition, for hospital planning and control. Thus, in his new Regional Hospital Boards, he followed the medical planners. To carry into the new service the practical skill in hospital management and the good will of those dispossessed, the Boards and their Management Committees were recruited from both the voluntary hospital and local authority health committee personnel. To these were added doctors (both specialist and G.P.), non-medical health workers, and representatives of the teaching hospitals, which had been granted autonomy outside the Regional Hospital Boards.

All along, the specialists had been less bitter in their opposition to the service than the organised general practitioners. Having rightly met them on a non-municipal hospital service, Mr. Bevan had to face the consequence, as far as they were concerned, of universal availability of the new service; this was the probable ultimate extinction of private consulting practice. Generous salaries were inevitable. The Labour Party demanded that they should all be whole-time, as the only means of ensuring a fair deal for the service patient as against the private patient. A universal whole-time specialist service would have converted potential allies into bitter opponents. Mr. Bevan chose to carry the specialists with him in a combined whole-time and part-time service, which, though expensive, is working reasonably well.

On the general practitioner and clinic side, Mr. Bevan showed less originality of design. In effect, he took over the White Paper plan, rejecting the Labour Party's proposal for a whole-time salaried service. A satisfactory solution of the problem must await the coming of the Health Centres, and these have faded far into the distant future. His main concern was to create a workable service. So he retained the right of the G.P.s to carry on private practice. Time has proved his judgment correct; for private practice has shrunk to such negligible proportions that it is of no importance as a deterrent to good work for service patients. The redistribution of practitioners in favour of the under-doctored areas is progressing steadily. The abolition of sale and purchase of practices has been carried through smoothly, but has had one unexpected effect. It is now harder rather than easier for a newcomer to enter established practice. To-day, a G.P. who takes a junior partner usually cuts both his work and his income; in the old days, he could count on the purchase money from the incoming man, plus more time to spend on remunerative private work. The answer, like the cause of the trouble, is financial. A higher capitation fee for the first thousand patients on each doctor's list would make a junior partner a more attractive proposition. Still, among the many thousands of doctors now operating the health service there are few out-right opponents. Because the deal has been basically fair, opposition has not lasted.

Though the success of the National Health Service has been considerable, so too has been its cost. Little of this has been avoidable, for our hospitals were a far more derelict inheritance than anyone suspected. Drug bills will continue to mount, not because of profligacy in prescribing, though this has still to be checked, but because new and vital drugs will cost us more. And in health services, a nation can never afford the optimum: hospitals, clinics and health centres could happily absorb all the capital expenditure now put into housing. Mr. Bevan rightly decided to decentralise his hospital administration. His one serious mistake has been to attempt this without decentralising finance. If the periphery does the work and spends the money without being given a definite sum to spend, costs are certain to soar. This is precisely what has happened. The remedy applied has been increasing centralisation and control of expenditure, with a corresponding decline in administrative responsibility at the periphery. The true remedy is not the abrogation or abolition of the Regional Boards, which has been suggested as a possible solution, but the system of firm block grants to each main hospital authority, plus the delegation of sufficient power to keep expenditure inside the limits set by the grants. That is the next great job which Mr. Bevan's successor must tackle.

London Diary

Mr. Ernest Bevin's serious illness presumably means that Mr. Attlee is confronted with the difficult task of finding another Foreign Secretary. Sir Stafford Cripps, the one obvious alternative, resigned through illness, just at the moment when the Prime Minister seemed ready to make the change. Bevan and Dalton, both of whom would certainly like the job, are now otherwise engaged. The only one of the Big Five who is indubitably fit to take it on is Herbert Morrison. But with the Chief Whip far from well and a tricky Parliamentary situation, Mr. Attlee can hardly afford to lose him as leader of the House. This means that a new Foreign Secretary would have to come from the second rank. With Hugh Gaitskell Chancellor of the Exchequer it would hardly be possible to promote another competent Wykehamist; and that, I'm told, rules out Kenneth Younger, despite his undoubted success at Lake Success, where everyone seems to agree that he put the Labour case a good deal better than Hector MacNeil. One possibility is Patrick Gordon-Walker who is now at the Commonwealth Office. Recently Mr. Attlee has given a great deal of personal supervision to Commonwealth affairs and if he wants to run the Foreign Office through an amenable lieutenant he might prefer to promote Gordon-Walker rather than make a difficult choice between MacNeil and Hartley Shawcross. But though this might seem neat and tidy I am strongly of the opinion that someone of bigger stature in the Labour movement is required. To state the choice is to realise the very real difficulty which confronts the Premier—and the nation. Mr. Attlee may solve the problem by taking on the job himself.

* * *

Mr. R. A. Butler, whom even Senator McCarthy, as far as I know, has not yet classed with Mr. Attlee as a Communist, emitted a classic example of English under-statement when he said in the House of Commons that people wished to be sure they were helping to decide their own fate. I have myself spoken at a lot of meetings recently, and had reports on many more, especially from Members of Parliament who are back from sounding their constituencies in the recess. They agree with Mr. Butler. They say that there never has been a

time when the gap has been so great between the talk in the pub or the factory canteen and the British official facade. Nobody nowadays is disposed to take too seriously large dissentient votes at the Oxford and Cambridge Unions. One recalls that a lot of those who voted for the famous "King and Country" resolution in the Oxford Union have since died or found their way into Government Departments. Meetings of the Peace with China committees which have sprung up all over the country are much more significant. To these must be added reports from industrial areas about the sheer incredulity with which the suggestion of remobilisation of any kind is met. This is not a matter of doctrine or pacifism or Communism; it is just that "Z reservists" who, only a few years ago, finished defeating the Germans and the Japanese, refuse blankly to take seriously the suggestion that they should give up their work, their homes—half, or less than half paid for—and leave their wives, this time to go and fight on the same side as the Germans or Japanese.

* * *

I suppose that when you are as great a man as General Eisenhower, or as elevated a man as Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, you become totally out of touch with what ordinary people are thinking. How else explain Sir Ivone's remarks about his readiness to review the sentence of every German war criminal, or Eisenhower's easy "Let bygones be bygones"? What has been said in the last few days from these and other high functionaries amounts to an appeal to the Germans to forgive us for having made the mistake of having fought against them in the last war! What we need to beat the Communists, as one German newspaper put it last week, is the British Navy, French intelligence, America's industrial resources and German war criminals. The British have always been good at forgiving their enemies. I remember how furious Vansittart used to be with this journal for saying that it was unwise to denounce all Germans indiscriminately, since we should certainly want eventually to be on good terms with some of them and might choose the wrong Germans if we did not make up our minds in advance. I used to fear he would have an apoplectic fit when I said that it was foolish to destroy all the factories in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. And now? I do not see even a word of protest from him, at the proposal to reinstate Krupps or even to release the murderers and torturers of Dachau and Buchenwald. The memories of ordinary soldiers, even in this country, are not as short as that; and Mr. Bevin, by giving way on this principle, has treated the Americans with a most dangerous lack of candour. Perhaps General Eisenhower, in spite of some speeches that sounded very like those of a leader of the Herrenvolk, has discovered for himself in Europe the strength of popular reaction against the notion of a German-American army of occupation.

* * *

A remark in this journal that the Chinese People's Courts "have the atmosphere of social service agencies," enabled the *Manchester Guardian* of January 19th to list, by way of caustic comment, an ugly series of death sentences handed out by these Courts. Their evidence was the Peking radio itself, but the remark in this journal came from an American business man who had himself watched these Courts at work. I have no doubt myself that both statements are correct. There is no contradiction between them. In a revolution the old-established legal system ends and a system of summary justice takes its place. Good and bad results follow. Once I myself watched a Soviet Union People's Court in which a common-sense, but not legally trained, judge seemed to be dealing with disputes and petty crime with a humanity, sympathy and speed which you would only find in this country from a very exceptional magistrate. Shortly after I left, I read accounts of People's Courts which, in the absence of legal safeguards, were used for what amounted to little more than thinly disguised mob violence against class enemies. Some, no doubt, were class enemies in the sense of people actually organising counter-revolution. In some cases one suspected personal revenge and, in many, uninhibited prejudice. I take it the same thing is happening in China. The correspondent who wrote to us saw what amounted to police court work being admirably performed without "squeeze" or chicanery—a miracle in China. Since then, the facts produced by the *Manchester Guardian* suggest that some People's Courts, not necessarily the same ones, are doing the work of wholesale revolutionary justice. The *Manchester Guardian* is certainly right that the "terror" the absence of which has been commented on by many British business men, missionaries and university teachers in China, is much more likely to become savage if war begins between America and China.

* * *

Miss Patch's *30 years with G.B.S.*, is high comedy. Some papers seize upon the trivial observations of Shaw's secretary in the hope of finding something to his discredit. They have to put up with his clumsiness in tying up a parcel or his failure to convince spinsters in Bournemouth boarding houses of the wisdom of his advice about bringing up children. But the real joke is that a conventional and humourless vicar's daughter should have been secretary to G.B.S. for 30 years, should have been chosen by him just because she made no kind of intellectual demands upon him and should have then written after his death a book which shows no comprehension of him at all. Reading Miss Patch is like having a conversation with an attendant in the National Gallery who tells you that he has been there man and boy for 30 years and has met most of the great painters of the day, but has never understood why painters do not paint things as they really are.

Miss Patch is just as competent, flat-footed and unmalicious as that. On one point she scores. It is true that G.B.S., like many men who have been brought up poor and become rich, was, in his later days, cranky about money. Miss Patch agrees that he was not "really mean," but it is true that he could not bring himself to realise that salaries he had paid in 1935 might be inadequate in 1945. Her legacy and the reception of her book ought to go some way to make up for the lean years.

LA BELLE DAME B.B.C.

(The Minority Report opposing the broadcasting monopoly was signed by only one member of the Beveridge Committee.)

O what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The Broadcasting Committee's gone,
And no bells ring.

O what can ail thee, woeful wight,
With haggard eyes and fevered brow?
The Beveridge Report is out
And so art thou.

We met a dame in Langham Place,
Reith's elfin, elephantine child,
She held a Charter in her hand
And smugly smiled.

Lord Beveridge sate her on his knee
And dandled her one whole year long,
And sure in language strange she said:
"They do me wrong."

He patted her upon the head,
She sideways leaned and made sweet moan
"No competition must profane
My chartered zone."

She took him to her faerie grot
And there behind the sound-proof door
She bound him in her network fast
With wavebands four.

And there she crooned him asleep,
The lulled committee by his side,
And there I dreamed a fearful dream—
Ah! woe betide!

I saw producers, artists too,
As mad as hornets were they all,
Who cried "La Belle Dame B.B.C.
Hath ye in thrall!

This deathly, megalithic dame
Hath drugged ye in her citadel!"
I woke, and seized my pen to break
Her Reith-like spell.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though all the sound-proof doors are shut
And no pips ping.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Huddersfield to-day decided, rearmament or no rearmament, that it does not want a collection of cannibal weapons offered to the town by a local councillor.—*Manchester Guardian.* (E. J. Worth).

Mr. C. Adams, chairman of Walberswick, Suffolk, parish council, called a tittertorter a butterwats when he was a boy. "I suppose most people call it a see-saw now," he told the council yesterday.—*Daily Mail.* (Redmond Phillips).

Counsel appearing for the War Office at an inquest this week said he had been instructed:

"The Secretary for War wishes to express his deep regret at this tragedy (an Army motor-cyclist knocked down and killed a Bermondsey man).

"The Secretary is deeply disturbed that his department should be concerned in any way with the shortening of human life."—*South London Press.* (F. T. Howe).

So let us go forward into 1951 with smiling faces; prepared to meet communism, nationalisation, atom bombs, and bends at 100 pence per pound, and wet-salted sides at 72 pence per foot.—*Shoe Leather Record.* (D. A. Whitley).

The U.N. from Within

(By a Special Correspondent)

AMONG people critical of American foreign policy there is a tendency to charge the State Department with having reduced the United Nations to the status of agent of the United States. There is substance in this complaint, at least to the extent that, both in the Assembly and in its constituent committees—Security Council, Trusteeship Council, Economic and Social Council—the U.S. Government, maintaining a Mission to the U.N. with an authorised staff of no less than 180 persons, has naturally made full use of its "dollar influence." That is, it can generally count on the support not merely of Latin-American satellites but of countries, such as the Marshall Plan nations, conscious of their dependence on American financial aid. The exercise of this influence has also obviously been helped by the fact that many of the specialised agencies of the U.N., such as the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund, are not merely American-controlled, but have their headquarters in Washington. But, though the mere size of the U.S. Mission and its geographically close contact with the State Department have been factors in enabling the United States to "pressurise," on many occasions, both the Assembly and the various Councils, a still more important factor has been the decision—for which the U.S.S.R. as much as any single member State was responsible—to locate the headquarters of the U.N. in the United States.

On both delegations and Secretariat the impact of this physical setting is powerful. The language spoken is an American form of English, which is not the mother tongue of most delegations. The newspapers on their breakfast tables and the radio broadcasts to which they listen all discuss current U.N. problems in American concepts. The social life is largely American, and so are the sports meetings which they attend, the churches in which they are invited to worship, and the mechanical gadgets which surround their activities in and out of the conference rooms. In sharp contrast to the League of Nations buildings in Geneva, one sees at Lake Success on all sides the American way of life—the cafeteria with its loudspeakers, the Coca-Cola machines in the corridors, the news-stand with its tabloids and glamour magazines. The chauffeurs are American citizens, as are most of the guards; the audience and the newspapermen are predominantly American; and the apartments in which delegates and staff live are American apartments, served by American telephones.

This is an atmosphere in which it is difficult to avoid being "conditioned." To live at the level of the New York middle class, delegation and Secretariat members require and receive incomes much higher than they would get, or need, in other countries. They begin to accept the automobile as a part of life as essential as the refrigerator and its frozen foods, the supermarket with its shiny packages, the drug-store and television. All this saps their own cultural inheritance, and most of them succumb. They gradually begin to like being in New York and—this is important—they don't want to go home: the influence of Americanism can be very insidious. Moreover, so far as the Secretariat is concerned, at least two-thirds of the staff are American citizens. All the lower grades are locally recruited; and, even in the controlling, administrative categories, there are 83 Americans and 82 from Britain and the Commonwealth, as compared with 76 from Western Europe and little more than a score whose birthplace was Eastern Europe—though not all of these last are supporters of the existing regimes in their countries.

It would be unfair to say that all the American members of the Secretariat are reactionaries or conservatives. Some are old New Dealers, some are liberals, a few may even be Socialists. But these "unreliables" are being gradually weeded out. It is not for nothing that the important post of Assistant Secretary-General in charge of Administration is held by Byron Price, former head of the U.S. War Censorship. He controls the Bureau of Personnel, which does all the screening, hiring and firing of staff; he controls the Bureau of the Budget, which determines the status and remuneration of every established post in the U.N.; and he controls the Bureau of Finance, which looks after the spending of money—not least by the specialised departments and agencies. One of his lieutenants, be it noted, the Director of the Bureau of Personnel, is a Vichy Frenchman.

Other almost equally important posts in the Secretariat are those of the Executive Assistant to the Secretary-General, who does the practical work of running the Assembly and supervises the execution of policy, and the Legal Counsel, who plays a large part in the drafting of resolutions. Both these posts are held by Americans—Andrew Cordier and Abe Feller. Given this degree of Americanisation in the Secretariat, it is no matter of surprise that the staff should have less and less of internationalism in their basic outlook, or that in the U.N. there should be colour prejudice, anti-Semitism, pressure to conform. To be "un-American" is to risk the loss of one's job: the oath of loyalty to the U.N. has to be signed with mental reservations.

On the delegations an effective process of "conditioning" is diplomatically applied—by official visits, social occasions and sometimes joint conferences. For example, the U.S. Mission will invite all the Latin-Americans to a conference or a party. The next day it will be the turn of the West Europeans. Through its contacts, the Mission can assess pretty accurately the degree of unanimity in the various delegations and detect any dissenting delegates. Suitable approaches can then be made either to the chief delegate or, if need be, over his head to his government. Delegates enjoy the honour and emoluments of their job; nobody wants to be recalled as a result of American hints, back home, that the representative is "unco-operative." But this form of "pressurising"—popularly known at Lake Success as "arm-twisting"—is reserved in general for emergencies, when a new situation has arisen, there has been insufficient time to build up support for the U.S. line, and there is a real risk that some delegates might exercise their own judgment. As a rule, the Lake Success background will have been effective enough in advance. The decision to give the United Nations a "new start"—away from the "decadent" Old World atmosphere of Geneva—is answerable for much.

Lake Success, January.

Inquest on Nuremberg

Bygones are bygones . . . I do not bear any resentment whatsoever against Germany.—*General Eisenhower at Frankfurt, January 20.*

SIGNIFICANT of the changed attitude towards Germany is the virtual suppression of the Final Report by General Telford Taylor, the American chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials. Dated August, 1949, its publication was unconscionably delayed; not a line about it appeared in the two leading New York dailies; and if any copies reached British newspapers they did not mention the fact. Yet the Report, which includes hitherto unpublished secret American documents, is important for the light it throws on the changing complexion of Allied policy.

One reason for this conspiracy of silence is suggested by General Taylor.

> Some Germans have covertly urged that the Nuremberg proceedings should not be published in German because the trials are said to be a "sore spot" in relations between the United States and the German people. These Germans suggest that Nuremberg should be "played down" in Germany, and allowed to sink into oblivion.

A further reason is, of course, the deterioration of East-West relations, and a consequent anxiety not to be "beastly" to our potential new allies. Interesting, however, is the revelation that this is no new attitude stemming from the Cold War. In a secret memorandum to President Truman in May, 1946, Justice Jackson, chief U.S. prosecutor at the Goering trial, argues against an international trial of industrialists because of "misgivings as to whether a long public attack concentrated on private industry would not tend to discourage industrial co-operation with our Government in maintaining its defences."

Nuremberg was becoming an embarrassment long before Goering and his associates were convicted. The matter came to a head over the question of a second international trial. The London Agreement of August, 1945, which established war crimes trial procedure, certainly envisaged a series, and in April, 1946, this was endorsed by the French and Soviet Governments. But Taylor, in a confidential memorandum to the U.S. War Secretary, describes the British as "luke-warm," and the published documents indicate divided American views. Jackson, swayed by the arguments quoted above, is shown as foreseeing, five months before the verdict, the acquittal of Schacht. Indeed, it is instructive to note the diffidence with which Jackson, commonly

aligned with the conservative wing in the Supreme Court, approaches the question of indicting the German industrialists. He tells the President that "a trial in which industrialists are singled out may give the impression they are being prosecuted merely because they are industrialists," and he adds the illuminating comment: "This is the more likely since we would be associated in prosecuting them with the Soviet Communists and the British Leftists." This would evidently be more embarrassing than association with the industrialists for rearmament.

But not only the Americans were embarrassed. The queer case of the Krupp family has never been cleared up. Gustav Krupp was originally charged with Goering and the outstanding Nazi leaders. According to Taylor, it was not until an official went to serve the indictment on him a few weeks before the trial that he was found to be mentally incapable. It must have been known to the authorities that the responsible head of the firm was Gustav's son Alfred, actual owner since 1943. Why, then, this elementary but important mistake? It was not surprising that hurried applications to try Gustav *in absentia* and to substitute Alfred only four days before the great trial was due to open were rejected by the Tribunal.

Two points are worth noting in this connection. Already, *before* the opening of the first trial, Jackson filed a memorandum pointing out that the United States was not committed to a further international trial. Secondly, the one country which did not vote for Alfred Krupp to be indicted was Britain. Taylor indicates that this attitude was unpopular; and the British and the French issued a promise subsequently to bring Alfred Krupp and other leading industrialists to trial. Hence the British difficulty when the second trial question reached the stage of what Taylor describes as "lively discussion" among the four Allied Powers.

The result of the exclusion of Krupp from the main and most publicised Nuremberg trial led Taylor to report critically to Washington that the defendants did not "include a single representative of German private industry or finance." The American prosecutor therefore felt that a subsequent single case against leading industrialists would bring home the responsibility of German heavy industry. The British appear to have been under considerable pressure to act, but by 1947 "it had become clear that the British did not intend to proceed against the Krupps."

Throughout an impression is given of British dislike of war trials. There were the extraordinary delays in charging the three field-marshals in British hands—Rundstedt, Manstein and Brauchitsch. The British, supported by General Clay, refused to agree to Taylor's proposal for a single joint trial of generals, and the "High Command" case dealt only with American-held prisoners. The American prosecutor gives a broad hint that only his transmission of overwhelming evidence against the three marshals forced the British trial of Manstein in 1949.

Time has been on the side of the war criminals, and gradually pressure of one sort or another against further trials has increased. Of the possible 500 major criminals—themselves but a "small minority"—only 185 were arraigned in the dozen American cases which followed the Goering trial; 142 were convicted and 24 death sentences were added to the 12 imposed by the International Tribunal. The abbreviated list of 15-18 trials planned had to be curtailed in 1947 owing to "budgetary and time limitations." More particularly, it became "very difficult" to secure enough judges. It is much more difficult to believe that the money, time and judges would not have been forthcoming if Washington had wanted them. One result was the cancellation of the well-adyanced case against the entire Dresdner Bank directorate, and only one director was included in the "Ministries" case. Many others escaped; some of them were lucky enough to avoid transfer to the countries of their crimes "owing to developments in the international situation." Sentences became progressively lighter, and by April, 1949, major culprits like Darré, Dietrich and Stuckart got off extremely lightly. To-day, the gates of Landsberg gaol are opening. Weizsaecker, leading defendant in the "Ministries" case and former Nazi ambassador to the Vatican, was recently released, and others have emerged. Nor has the attempt been missed of depicting the prisoners as "martyrs." Taylor reproduces in his Report the Landsberg prisoners' leaflet, begging for food parcels. Significantly it admits that many of the prisoners' relatives "live in foreign countries." The countries may be guessed.

E. PENNING ROWSELL

Known Immoral Character

MOST of our social reform movements could compile their own histories from their still-born parliamentary Bills. The fact that a proposal for reform has once or more been "ordered to be printed" and got on to the table of the House—even if it is then opposed by the Government, talked-out, defeated on a division, overwhelmed by a war, or dragged down in a dissolution—is taken to mean that the thing can be done again, better. The optimism of Private Bill promoters has its monuments in the appendices to Blue Books, whose lists of ill-fated measures (with the names of their promoters) often fill pages.

Mrs. Barbara Castle's new Criminal Law Amendment Bill does not have this pedigree of disaster, but—perhaps the more exactly for that—it represents many years of skilful preparatory work by its promoters, the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene. It proposes that the criminal law of England should no longer, by absurd anomaly, protect the "procurer" at the expense of the prostitute. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 says, in section 2 (1), that anyone who procures the submission of a girl under twenty-one—*not being a common prostitute or of known immoral character*—to an act of "unlawful" immorality with anyone else is liable to two years' imprisonment. After sixty-five years, no one knows what "unlawful" means in this context; but the legislators of 1885 presumably meant something less than criminal, since they had no fresh need to legislate against aiders and abettors of rape or the seduction of children (except, perhaps, that the "age of consent" in Victorian England was thirteen, while on the Continent it was generally twenty-one).

The Scottish Court of Justiciary held in *H.M. Advocate v. Watson* (1885), immediately after the Act was passed, that it meant no more than extra-marital; but an English appeal court, three years later, said that an ordinary act of immorality was not indictable, and that neither, therefore, was the invitation to it (*R. v. Adams*, 1888). Perhaps the legislators had in mind that the seduction of a girl under twenty-one may give her father the right of suing the seducer for damages. Whatever they meant, they went out of their way to ensure, by means of the phrase I have put in italics, that women of "known immoral character" should be denied protection. They did not specify, in that context, any method of procuration. So when they came to deal—in section 3 (2)—with seduction by means of false representation (employment abroad, promise of marriage, and so on), they used the same formula to exclude from protection the hidden women who held up the Victorian façade of respectability.

The words in italics were not in the original 1885 Bill. They went in after a debate in the House of Lords that must be read to be believed, noble Lords reminding each other that, without some such safeguard, no member of the Upper House having to spend a night in town could legally approach any of the known Victorian harpies for introduction to a "temporary wife." Equal concern was expressed about the inevitability of blackmail if loose women were to be given legal status and rights. (Mrs. Castle will probably hear this pious nonsense again.) But a more reasoned objection was that the Contagious Diseases Acts (though by that time in rather shamefaced abeyance) were still in force, making of prostitutes a special class of outlaws to whom the law could not logically afford the same protection as it did to decent women.

The Contagious Diseases Acts of 1864, 1866 and 1869 were England's version of the Napoleonic system by which prostitutes were "regulated" in France. England had decided against *maisons tolérées*, but required all prostitutes in garrison towns to register and submit to medical and police supervision. Special detachments of Metropolitan Police constables were stationed in towns like Aldershot and Colchester, with arbitrary power to require all *supposed* prostitutes to attend special surgeries for examination. Those failing to attend were arrested and examined forcibly. It was a system of *police des moeurs* as pernicious as any on the Continent. Some of the mistakes made were appalling in their consequences. There is little doubt that many quite innocent women were launched on careers of prostitution by the indelible stigma thus inflicted on them. But the end was thought to justify the means, and Parliament was satisfied that all was well—

until 1883, when at last the Commons supported a motion disapproving of the whole noxious system. Reluctantly, the War Office duly suspended it. But it was still unrepealed in 1885, and it survived for a year after the passing of the new Criminal Law Amendment Act—long enough, that is to say, to serve as a debating point for those who wanted to go on treating adultresses as outlaws.

The Bill produced in 1885 had previously lain dormant and conveniently forgotten for many years; its revival was forced upon Parliament by the extraordinary campaign conducted by W. T. Stead, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A committee of public men—publishers, bankers, merchants—headed by Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, had presented a memorial on August 5th, 1880, to Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary, demanding legislation to suppress the traffic in women and girls. The memorial said:

> There exists a system of abduction, to Brussels and elsewhere on the continent, of girls who are British subjects, for the purposes of prostitution. They are induced to go abroad under promise of marriage or employment. On arrival, they are taken to the *Police des Moeurs* for registration as prostitutes. They are told that this place is the Custom House, and that they are brought there to comply with the formalities required from travellers.

The girls were registered in false names, supported by copies of the birth certificates of other people over 21, because Belgian women could not be registered as prostitutes under 21 and false registration was punishable as forgery. They were then literally imprisoned in brothels.

The committee's statement was supported by a mass of evidence, much of it obtained on special visits to Brussels. Lord Granville and the Government seem to have been totally unimpressed. In May, 1881, Josephine Butler and a thousand eminent women of the day presented a further petition, with no more effect. In 1883, 1884 and 1885 Bills were got through the Lords and "talked out" in the Commons. The traffic went on—until the Bill's second 1885 appearance, when Bramwell Booth of the Salvation Army sought the help of W. T. Stead.

Stead's conspiracy with an ex-brothel-keeper, in pursuance of which he posed as a wealthy debauchee and "abducted" a girl of thirteen (with her mother's consent) for ostensible export to Paris, is a famous story. It may still be read in the files of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wherein Stead described what he had done and the evil he sought to cure, in a series of articles which extended over several weeks and scandalised Victorian England. The remainder of the press was almost unanimous in condemning him, news agents refused to handle his paper, his editorial offices in Northumberland Street were stormed by street newsvendors who had found that they could get half-a-crown a copy in the streets.

His campaign got the Bill through, though it is interesting to note that the amendment withholding protection from "women of known immoral character" actually had his support in the *Gazette*. But the underworld had a dying kick. At the instance of a few known enemies of the Salvation Army, who cajoled the girl's mother into supporting a prosecution, Stead and Bramwell Booth were indicted at the Old Bailey for abduction, the very charge that could have been used against scores of known procurers in the preceding twenty years. The trial lasted thirteen days, and is not a record of English justice at its best; the court refused, for example, to hear the evidence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was prepared to reveal that he had been willingly privy to the whole plot. Bramwell Booth was acquitted and Stead was given three months' imprisonment.

This is the story behind the Act of 1885, which for the first time made it a specific offence to "procure" women for immoral purposes—and sealed its own fatuity by providing that, to qualify for protection, they must be neither "of known immoral character" nor inmates of brothels. It may seem incredible to-day, but the admitted purpose of that proviso was to protect from blackmail the respectable client of the brothel. Mrs. Castle's new Bill, by destroying the proviso, would restore the 1885 Act to life. There are people in London who will watch it with some anxiety.

C. H. ROLPH

The New Yugoslavia

IV. WORKERS RUN FACTORIES.

WHEN Russia cut the umbilical cord that tied her to Yugoslavia, she forced its people to defend themselves, but she also set them thinking. The creative artists were the first to emancipate themselves. They promptly repudiated the Communist discipline which makes art the handmaid of a party. They are no longer expected to toe the party line in their symphonies and novels. Among the painters, Socialist realism is a forgotten fashion. The response of the political leaders may have been slower, but it amounts to a second revolution.

Two years after the break, in his historic speech of last June, to the Federal Assembly, Marshal Tito confessed that Yugoslavia had been "uncritical in replanting" in their country all the institutions of the Soviet Union. After describing the authoritarian bureaucracy that governs Stalin's empire, he asked what had become of the revolutionary slogan—"the factories for the workers." After 31 years, the workers had still no say in management. State Socialism was not the sequel Marx prescribed for a victorious revolution. Engels, in a famous passage, described what ought to happen. The State—meaning the apparatus of coercion by which one class holds another in subjection—becomes "superfluous in one sphere after another" when the means of production have been socialised; "the State is not abolished, it withers away." Tito is a man of action. On the same day he laid before the Assembly a Bill which hastens the withering away of the State in Yugoslavia. There State Socialism has come to an end; the workers now manage the factories.

Western Socialists might have given a rather different application to Engel's phrase. We might have wished to see the State withering away first of all in its prisons. Tito's new departure will disappoint us, unless it brings safeguards against arbitrary arrest and imprisonment without fair trial. For these, the revised Constitution, now being drafted, will make provision. But we should be unreasonable if we expected Tito to disarm his police, while four neighbour States, backed by a fifth column, stand ready on his frontiers to strike at a signal from Moscow. If we were in such a plight, we should have brought 18B into action. But if it is necessary to intern suspects, it should be done openly; their friends should have access to them; their number should be known, and a commission independent of the police should review their cases. In yet another direction the State should wither away at once. A worker who loses his job, even if it be by no fault of his own, automatically forfeits his ration card at the end of the calendar month, unless he accepts any work that is going, even if unpaid and far from his family. The alternative is that he must depend on the charity of relatives and friends. This is too sharp a weapon with which to arm the State.

Tito's ideas as to how the State should gradually become "superfluous" are stimulating. He and his Party began at the top and reversed the tendency towards centralisation which their Russian advisers had fostered. Last year the bureaucratic apparatus was ruthlessly cut down, and more than 100,000 civil servants and clerks were transferred to productive work. The Federal Centre in Belgrade surrendered many of its powers to the six Republics, while they in turn devolved some of their functions upon the districts and municipalities. Economic planning will start in future at the bottom, in the self-governing factories, mines and *zadrugas*. What they propose will then be reviewed and co-ordinated at the Republican and Federal levels. This will not be an easy method to work, but it marks an immeasurable advance on the former practice of dictating plans from the top.

In all State enterprises the Yugoslav Communists have now done what our Guild Socialists talked of doing a generation ago. Through a council elected by secret ballot and a Board elected by the Council, the workers manage the factories. The Council, which must meet once in six weeks, has the last word in all the bigger questions of policy. The Board, which usually meets weekly, can discuss everything with the Manager, including the organisation of work, contracts for future production, the pay and grievances of the men and questions of promotion and dismissal. Neither Council nor Board may choose the Manager as chairman. On both bodies technicians sit with workers in the ratio of one to three. In the bigger enterprises the Council may have anything from 30 to 90 members and a Board of eleven; on both, women sit with the men.

To give such great powers to any body of men would be a bold act. On a short view the interests of the producers are not identical with those of the community; can one be sure that they will take a long view? These former

peasants, who have none of the inherited traditions of our workers, must now judge the technical questions involved in the planning of their work and the disposal of their products. With enviable faith and courage Tito made up his mind to trust "their tremendous creative abilities." Not even a thorough training by Russian teachers in dialectical materialism can extinguish the ingrained idealism of the Yugoslavs.

There are, however, substantial safeguards in the Act of June, 1950. The Manager, appointed by a Ministry, has a right of appeal against any decision of the men's Council or Board which is, in his view, contrary to law. Since the Five Year Plan which prescribes the work expected from each enterprise has the force of law, this safeguard is important, though it cannot cover all the differences that may arise between Manager and Board. The appeal lies to the "Higher Economic Association," which controls a group of enterprises. Its Council and Board are elected by the workers and technicians of the whole group. Finally, in certain cases, an appeal may lie to "the competent State authority," which may be the Ministry of a Republic. Would it not be wiser to include representatives of the consumers as well as the producers in these Higher Economic Associations? The Manager may suspend the execution of a decision against which he has appealed, but the higher authority must give its verdict within ten days. How these safeguards will work one cannot yet say. No dispute between Manager and Council had arisen in any of the factories we visited. The Managers impressed us favourably; some were obviously born leaders of men. The Council or Board may call for the Manager's removal. Marshal Tito told us that it is his ambition, if this scheme works well, to give the men the right to choose their Manager.

How well and how quickly the Yugoslav workers learn to use their new opportunities will depend largely on the trade unions. They have now lost their old functions; the workers need no protection from outside, since their own elected Councils govern the factories. Last year the unions got rid of half their paid officials; this year they will dispense with the rest. Their task is now to educate the workers for their new duties of management. In the past the unions did much to raise their cultural level and fostered their gifts for music and the theatre. Now they must learn to read accounts.

It was not easy to judge how much this immense enhancement of his status means to the average worker, who still has one foot in his native village. The risk in Western Europe would be that the men might give too little and claim too much. In Yugoslavia the men may not venture to make full use of all their opportunities. Once when I asked what had been discussed at a Council meeting, the answer was "Korea." In another instance the men, who had a farm at their disposal, arranged for the storage and distribution of its miserable potato crop. In two great workshops which make electrical equipment, the chief concern of Board and Council was to lower the costs of production. That was as it should be; a factory is entitled to draw a bonus from its economies. The Tito Foundry near Skopia, which pulsed with mental life—it had a bookshop for its men within its yard—was using the iron it economised to make horseshoes for sale. The chairman of its Council produced its minutes, which recorded a decision to reduce the cost of its electric pumps, and to inquire what the peasants would consider an attractive price. The possibility of competitive bids and estimates may arise in the future.

Our talk with the leaders of this Macedonian workshop opened up wide vistas. These workers can now think and act for themselves. There is scope for enterprise and initiative which will benefit both the smaller world of the factory and the bigger world of the Republic. Here is the road of escape from the inertia which is said to overtake big enterprises when they are nationalised. The functions of the Yugoslav State, as it withers away, are passing to vital self-governing communities. Tito's courage, when he took this risk, may in the end have been wiser than our pedestrian prudence when we entrusted our nationalised industries to Boards of nominated Directors.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

So They Say . . .

THE necessity for sooner or later expressing an opinion on the "Brand China . . . " question presented the press with a knotty problem. Last Friday, after China's first reply was followed by an American call for action, the majority of the Right-wing nationals were quickly off the mark —led by the *Daily Telegraph*, which asked: "Should we not then put aside all pretences, abandon the farce of recognising [Mao's] regime . . . and calmly but resolutely take stock of the military and political possibilities?" The *Daily Express* was against further attempts to "find favour with the Red Mandarins," and urged that "Truman's demand . . . should receive support from Britain," while the *Daily Mail* suggested that the Anglo-American differences could be ironed out "by a touch of the wisdom and restraint which belong, traditionally, to British statesmanship."

A further appeal for restraint came from *The Times*: "The best reply to the Chinese Note is not to be found in immediate resolutions of protest but in a cold appraisal of the strategic needs of the free world." The *News Chronicle* was reduced to saying that "whatever the next step may be, it must be taken with the full weight and authority of the United Nations behind it," while the *Daily Herald* pleaded that "nothing is to be gained, surely, by hasty and ill-considered action." The *Manchester Guardian* argued, next day, that nothing the United Nations could do would be as effective as continuing the stalemate until China proposed a compromise.

At the week-end, the *Sunday Times* editorial was still discovering the incomparable merits of coalition government, but the *Observer* made up its mind on three points: Britain should end her policy of sponsoring Red China's admission to the U.N.; Formosa should be withheld from China; and Britain and America should rearm. *Reynold's News* printed a statement by the editor, "This mad rush to war," which urged Mr. Attlee to fly to Moscow with Nehru to talk to Stalin in person.

On Monday the *Daily Mail* attacked the Left-wing press for distinguishing between "Black and Red aggression" (a reference to 1935), and urged rearmament as the only course left. The *News Chronicle* argued uneasily that, first nothing must cause a rift between Britain and America; second, that nothing must impair the unity of the U.N.; and third, that the threat to Europe is the paramount danger. In another editorial, following the Chinese offer of fresh terms, it commended the British Government's course of gaining time for compromise. The *Daily Telegraph* also welcomed "the new pause," although it could not help adding that the Government's playing-for-time attitude "was threatening to cause great confusion not only between Britain and America, but between the members of the Commonwealth."

The effect of Mr. Attlee's statement in the House was to cause considerable confusion in the press on Wednesday. JEBB TOLD: KEEP IN STEP —BRITAIN BACKS U.S. ON BRANDING REDS, ran the headlines in the *Daily Express*; ATTLEE: BRITAIN STILL HOPES—WRONG TO BRAND CHINA AT THIS STAGE, announced the *News Chronicle*. "Mr. Attlee's statement . . . appears to have left even his own political henchmen in confusion," stated the *Daily Telegraph*; "Mr. Attlee's firm and explicit statement . . . was greatly to be welcomed," said the *Daily Mirror*. "The British Government's patient diplomacy . . . is the real way to maintain unity," said the *Daily Herald* proudly—although it probably would not have put it the way the *Daily Worker* did: "The great movement of the British people for peace has achieved a major success."

On Thursday, with the U.N. Political Committee in mid-stream, comment generally took the form of selectively angled headlines—SEEKING PEACE IN THE FAR EAST (*Manchester Guardian*); ASIAN PROPOSAL FOR FURTHER APPROACH TO PEKING (*The Times*); ANOTHER MESSAGE: "It's good news"— Benegal Rau (*News Chronicle*); CHINA KEEPS U.N. GUESSING (*Daily Mail*); BRANDING: ACHESON CONFIDENT (*Daily Herald*); AUSTIN ACCUSES CHINA . . . : "America slammed the door" (*Daily Express*).

Thus did the spectrum range from optimism through objectivity to the dramatic.

AUTOLYCUS

Frivolous Psyche

ACCORDING to Jung, as every child knows, the single archetypes are not isolated from each other in the unconscious, but are in a state of contamination, of the most complete mutual interpenetration and interfusion. I often remind myself of this, with a quiet chuckle, in moments of acute fear or mental anxiety, as, for instance, when I wake from dreaming that I am back in the Civil Service again. The Civil Service has an archetypal aspect, I tell myself; these gigantic Clerical Officers, these looming Deputy Assistant Storekeepers who mop and mow at me in the night watches, are merely symbols of some unconscious hap-

pening that has not been grasped by consciousness.

It is no use modern man fooling himself that, because his great-grandfather dreamt of earth-spirits, he ought to dream of earth-spirits too. The immemorial woods are not haunted any more; it is the corridors of the Ministry that are haunted. The immemorial woods are probably not immemorial enough; they were planted by the Forestry Commission in the early 'thirties, and earth-spirits are notoriously slow in taking up their tenancies. Whereas Ministries become immemorial in no time. No sooner has a Ministry moved into any desirable building than that building assumes all the characteristics of archetypal bureaucracy. The trestle tables, the collapsible chairs, the duplicated notices fastened to the walls by strips of gummed paper, flower like magic in a matter of a few hours. You may imagine you see an earth-spirit slinking along the corridor from D. T. Veg. 6(c) to D. T. Veg. 6(b); but it is only an Executive Officer.

The symbolic nature of such a Ministry is immediately apparent. Here is the web in which modern man has caught himself, like an unhappy fly; festooned by yards of sticky tape, he awaits the spider. The spider, however, like the sticky tape, is only an aspect of himself.

I try to concentrate on this archetypal aspect of things, as I turn over on to the other side and pummel my pillow. I tell myself that it is a rare privilege to have been so recently in contact with the great collective unconscious of mankind. Even if my left leg has been dangling over the edge of the bed and developed an apparently irremediable ache, I should be grateful for it. Whether I am grateful for it or not, it is irrelevant to this grave spiritual problem with which I am faced. The need of the moment is to plunge at once to the dark mirror that lies at the bottom of things.

The first step is obviously to explore the potentialities of free association. I make my mind a blank. It is the natural condition of the mind, and at first I am tempted to leave it that way. But it is no use. A fresh crop of symbols swims into that empty receptacle. These symbols are all too familiar. They are L's with little strokes across them and S's with little strokes through them. They are undoubtedly archetypal, but they are confusing the issue. I banish these symbols and return, somewhat reluctantly, to the method of free association.

I fix my mind on the image of a Ministry. It is no particular Ministry, it is a kind of Ur-Ministry, the pure Ministry-Idea. I wait for the associated concept. It comes almost immediately. It is a cup of tea.

I am not too happy about this symbol. There is something commonplace about it; I suspect my consciousness of interfering with the smooth, dark operation of my subconsciousness. However, one must do one's best with such symbols as one has. I concentrate on the cup of tea. The next symbol that presents itself to my mind is a kettle. But, oddly enough, it is a kettle of fish. It is a pretty kettle of fish.

The conscious mind is based upon, and results from, an unconscious psyche which is prior to consciousness and continues to function together with, or despite, consciousness. Every schoolboy knows this. The unconscious psyche is a very serious matter. I am often troubled by the discovery that my unconscious psyche has a disturbing, and even inane, frivolity. At three in the morning, when I am busy exploring the collective unconscious of mankind, it prates to me of kettles of fish. I hope it is an archetypal kettle of fish, but as I see it with my conscious mind it does not look archetypal. The kettle is a frivolous-looking kettle, and the fish are frivolous fish. They grin and gape as they flap happily about in their kettle.

Perhaps I should neglect the kettle and concentrate on the fish. But even here there is something disturbing. Can it be that my anima is taking on the quality of the numen? Heaven defend that this should be so, even if I knew what it meant. The anima should believe in the καλοκἀγαθον, the beautiful and the good. Does mine?

The ache in my left ankle appears if anything more pronounced than before. I am resolved to make one more effort with the method of free association. I dismiss from my mind the kettle and the fish, and return stubbornly to the archetypal Ministry-concept. I breathe carefully and relax. Ah! I verily believe, at last, that my mind is a perfect blank. Suffusing it, like a vague and unapprehended fog from the unconscious deeps, is the brooding Ministry-concept. Something is bound to emerge.

It emerges. It is a cup of tea.

Wearily, and without conscious volition, I rise from my bed and betake myself, dressing-gowned, to the kitchen. Here, as I watch the kettle coming to the boil, my mind is a more perfect blank than ever before. But no concepts emerge. I take my cup of tea back to bed. When I have drunk it, I perceive that the ache in my left ankle has mysteriously vanished. What is more, I feel a pleasant drowsiness.

The next concept that emerges into my consciousness is the fevered braying of my archetypal alarm-clock. It may be that there is something in the method of free association after all.

R. P. LISTER

Riding to Hounds

I USED to ride a horse that was supposed to be vicious, but really it was just independent. It was said to come from the Argentine, was enormously tall, and had the air of a cavalry charger. A number of retired military men, using the same livery stable, always treated the horse very firmly, because of its reputation: they insisted on riding it on a curb, would mount with a grave, determined air, clamp their knees in like a vice, handle the bridle with a look of thin-lipped mastery. The horse used to wait until it was in the middle of the main road, which had to be crossed on the way to the common, and then stand on its hind legs and waltz, like a circus pony. Ex-polo-playing officers were unlikely to be unseated by that caper, but then the horse used to try to stand on its head, and the military men often fell off. But if they didn't, the horse would wait until it was on the nice soft grass and then either roll over, or just sit down like a recalcitrant mule, and refuse to move.

It never did any of these things to me because I was no horseman. I just sat on its back, spoke to it in a respectful manner, rode it on a snaffle, and merely suggested the direction to be taken, or the pace to be adopted, by a very gentle hint with bridle, knee or heel. Quite often the horse did not care for my suggestions, and took its own way, but as a rule it fell in with my wishes, and even when my hints were so diffident as to be confusing, it would stop and look round, as much as to say: *For goodness sake, make up your mind.*

I was fortunate in discovering that the horse was partial to a pint of a mixture of old ale and draft Bass, called Harley Street, which I used to drink myself and had the happy idea of sharing with him. After a pint of Harley Street, the horse was always uncommonly placable, but there was this disadvantage, that we had to begin every day's hacking by going to the pub; until that had been done, all my suggestions were ignored, and it was sometimes inconvenient to go so far out of our way.

I knew that there was some sort of Hunt in the neighbourhood, but however much my instincts might lead me to enjoy the idea of blood-sport, I had a strong conscientious objection to it; and in any case I was not nearly good enough a horseman to think of riding to hounds. But one morning when I was out on the common with my horse, about a mile to the West of a coppice of silver birch, we heard hounds give tongue, and the horse, which must have had hunting antecedents, responded with all the fervour of Mr. Jorrocks himself. It was useless to protest: we covered the mile to the coppice and cleared two ditches in a time which would have interested a National trainer, and were presently among the trees—and the hounds.

Whatever hunting antecedents the horse may have had, its hunt manners were very bad. It got in among the hounds and trod on several, and although I was ignorant of fox-hunting, I realised that this was undesirable. I should have realised this in any case, because the Master was very explicit on the subject. I knew him by sight, he was an enormously wealthy manufacturer of drugs and rubber goods, not the kind of drugs the trade oddly calls "ethical," but, I should imagine, as unethical as possible, and excessively profitable. He was passionately desirous of countrifying himself, and by lavish expenditure of money had bought control of the Hunt and the village cricket team. He was a little, grey-faced, bilious-eyed creature, with a snarling, metallic voice, and he looked terrible on a horse. However, he had great courage, for he had not learnt to ride until he was forty, and he usually stayed on his horse grimly, or fell off without complaining.

When he saw my horse trampling on his hounds, he became angry and abused me in language which was very mortifying. The Hunt listened to him with respect. Naturally, in that suburban county, there were no actual countrymen present—a couple of market gardeners perhaps—but even if there had been they could never have appreciated the Master's *tour de force* of invective as much as the immaculately dressed brewers, stockbrokers, film magnates, novelists and journalists who gathered round to listen. Meanwhile, the hounds had prudently moved out of the way of my horse.

Round the fringes of a denser part of the coppice, about two hundred yards down an open ride, a number of persons, led by a man in a pink coat, were fossicking about, with several hounds making excited, whining noises. Suddenly something happened, for the hounds all streamed away as if they had been sucked up by a gigantic vacuum

cleaner, the huntsman and his assistants went after them, the Master and his cronies after the huntsman. My horse was a trifle slow in starting, but he quickly made up for that. He went at a gate, neck and neck with the Master's chestnut, and took me over with my knee under the Master's. Then we drew away, and really settled down to race. We overtook the huntsman at the next hedge, knocked him off his horse going over some wire, crossed a ploughed field and were among the tail of the pack. Naturally the hounds were alarmed at the reappearance of the formidable animal which had treated them so carelessly before, and began to lag behind, apparently much discouraged.

We came round on to a corner of the common and I found I could see a long way: in fact, I could see the fox going like a red streak, running low across heather, the three leading hounds fifty yards behind him, and the rest of the pack, excepting those we had overtaken, trailing after the leaders like the tail of a kite. I did not have much time to enjoy this spectacle, because we had soon passed most of the hounds and were up with the leaders, and still going with plenty of reserve in hand.

I had no idea what my horse had in mind, but it seemed to know what it was doing. The country was vaguely familiar, so I had no anxiety about being lost. True, I had been under the impression that there was a correct order in the procession of the hunt, with the horsemen following the hounds, so that I was a good deal surprised to find that we had passed the leaders and were rapidly gaining on the fox. But I was not nearly so surprised as the fox, which turned its head as we drew level, looked absolutely astounded, swerved aside into a gully, and was lost to me. For it now appeared that the fox had not been our object at all, we just kept going in a stretched gallop, across the rest of the common, over a road about four inches in front of a tradesman's delivery van, over a low fence and into somebody's back garden. We then dropped to a canter among this person's winter greens, pushed ourselves through the garden gate, trotted down a lane and stopped at the back door of the pub.

There is only one thing to be done with an accomplished fact—accept it. I dismounted and led the horse round to the door of the public bar, which the publican was in the act of opening. He asked me if I'd caught a glimpse of hounds, and I said I had. "I wonder you don't hunt," he said, as he drew our two pints of Harley Street, "that horse'd carry you nicely to hounds."

I said I didn't care for blood sports.

"Come to that," he said, "this 'Unt don't often kill."

I said I was glad to hear it.

EDWARD HYAMS

THE FOOTBALLER

Red-headed footballer,
Four-foot tall,
Chalking your goal
On the back-yard wall,

Put boot to the leather,
Go on, shoot!
Let brick, board and beading
Feel the force of your foot.

Gaslamp and gable
And chimney-stack—
You'll bring the whole caboodle
Down on your back;

And repenting the ruin
Never at all,
Go whimpering through heaven
For a burst ball.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO REVIVALS

LAST week the Old Vic interrupted their own season to give us the chance of seeing their junior off-shoot, The Young Vic, showing its paces in *The Merchant of Venice*. It is sad to have to record that the event proved disappointing. Whatever exactly the Young Vic in intention is—a recruiting ground for its senior, a graduation place for the pupils of the school, an intermediate step?—the adjective in the title at least encourages us to expect animation, high spirits, vitality, excitement. We would put up with roughnesses and lapses in technique in exchange for the lively and the fresh. But it turned out differently. The production was pleasing to look at with Miss Gay Dangerfield's pretty dresses and Mr. Cecil Clarke's imaginative lighting; evidence of care, hard work, thoroughness, abounded. But the corollaries to these admirable qualities were woodenness, slowness, even heaviness and a complete absence of magic, which it is a little hard to account for, except by suggesting that this young company may be suffering from being over-schooled.

The most obvious manifestation of all this was to be observed in the speaking of the verse. Now, the more critical among theatrical audiences have long been complaining of the persistent inaudibility of our actors, and of lazy and faulty enunciation. This complaint could not be levelled at the Young Vic. The standard of the actual articulation is remarkably and noticeably high. Evidently the greatest pains have been taken to ensure that enunciation is clear, full and measured. So it must be discouraging for the director, (Mr. George Devine) and the producer on this occasion (Mr. Glen Byam Shaw) to find that their critics are still not satisfied. But no, they still can't be, for articulation is only the means, if a much neglected one; the end—of communicating feeling to us—was just what these young actors seemed to miss. Who, for instance, if not the young couple here, should have been able to communicate to us the magic of the Lorenzo-Jessica passages? And, visually, it was there, the blank white moonlight, their pretty dresses, their youth. Vocally it was all there, too, every syllable, every final consonant, just as it should be. But that indefinable addition, which carries us out of the theatre, out of the world (and without which all the care and training in the world is so much loss)—that was missing. Unexciting is the mildest way of describing the evening.

Of course the play itself is not—after one has passed the age of twelve—very rewarding, though I remember Mr. Michael Benthall surprising me at Stratford three years ago by showing that it could be. But that glittering and dramatic production had the additional advantage of a star performance from the Portia, and a quite brilliantly theatrical (operatic, almost) presentation of Shylock by Mr. Helpmann. These parts cry out for such personality acting; and the Young Vic Company, though reasonably competent enough all round, do not appear to have recruited anyone who yet shows even the promise of that. Perhaps (though I hope I am wrong in suggesting this) their theatrical ideology would not encourage them to look out for that kind of acting talent, supposing it were offered them.

Not even the most narrow ideologue would, presumably, demand less than a star performance for *Hedda Gabbler*. And this is just what we are being given at the faithful Arts Theatre by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson. Indeed, taken all round, this admirable production and its fascinating central figure, whatever criticism may say of the detail, provided me with one of those comparatively rare evenings which is deeply moving and disturbing. Here then is a chance of enjoying to the full that particular thrill, that turning of our emotional selves inside out that a first-class Ibsen performance can provide.

The moment that hereditary face of Miss Forbes-Robertson's looms up at us—with its long neck, its great, heavy, devastating eyes—we are breathing in the real (not the stagey) tragedy air. The most obvious criticism of Miss Forbes-Robertson will be over her biting off, clipped and disdainful, certain syllables in a thoroughly modern, or at least a Twentyish, style: as if the phrases she speaks were not from the Archer-Gosse translation, which is the one used here, but from a play by, say, Mr. Noel Coward. And certainly it would be fatal to the play if, in the course of the run, Miss Forbes-Robertson multiplied this trick of speaking; she could, on the contrary, a little diminish it. Yet it is in this that the clue to her success in the part lies. The up-to-date-ness of this speech trick shocks us into re-defining Hedda in the modern idiom too: Hedda Gabbler is an arch bitch; and it is her bitchiness above everything that Miss Forbes-Robertson lays bare. This means a little loss perhaps of the violence which is commonly shown as generating in that self-imposed loneliness (the burning of Lövborg's manuscript, for instance seemed to me a little underplayed). But how admirably it worked, for instance, in all the meaningful exchanges with that dreadful provincial beau, Judge Brack (very nicely caught by Mr. Campbell Singer). Indeed a certain stillness, a brooding, intense, menacing isolation, is the impression of this Hedda that I carry away: a tall, disdainful figure, standing a shade apart from the rest of the group—at just that distance where it is possible, looking down on them, to despise them all whole-heartedly through and through.

Edmund Gosse recorded that the idea for this play came to Ibsen after reading in a newspaper about a woman who had committed suicide simply because she was bored; and, if so, one can imagine the challenge which such a paragraph might present to the playwright, how to construct a drama that would make credible such an extraordinary phenomenon of his time. We find the germ, as Henry James would have called it, firmly planted in the second act, in Hedda's own description of her one talent. She gives it in an answer to Judge Brack when he is probing and hinting at a possibility which Hedda has already shown herself peculiarly touchy over, when Aunt Julie raised it in the first act, the possibility of her having a child.

Brack: Why shouldn't you have a gift, like most other women, for the calling that—

Hedda: Oh be quiet, I tell you. It often seems to me that I've got a gift for only one thing in the world.

Brack: And what is that, if I may ask?

Hedda: For boring myself to death.

And just that, boring herself to the point of killing herself is what the Hedda essentially must convince us as being capable of. If it lies finally with the actress, on the stage at least, what a masterly construction *Hedda Gabbler* is! Ibsen appears to have been writing here at the very height of his technical powers, and yet all the time well within them. The subject is distended to its fullest stretch: not as might have happened later, somewhere beyond itself. The *leit motif* phrase—"vine leaves in his hair"—diffuses its glow over the inside of the circle; it does not point one of those raking exploratory beams out into the surrounding mist. The thick folds of the narrative, ample as a novelist's, are turned back in the most exact order, and how densely packed is the dialogue, thick with hint, suggestion, accumulated evidence. The problem for producer and actors is to isolate and highlight the essential dramatic moments, and this Mr. Rich and his accomplished cast, in the main, most effectively manage. In particular, Mr. Eric Berry plays Hedda's husband with just the right touch of maddening amiability and miscomprehension; and Miss Sonia Williams, pretty, weak, touching, is an excellent contrast to Hedda.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE sense of occasion is perhaps the rarest feeling the listener experiences: one had it to the full hearing Dr. Thomas Mann talk on Shaw. As a whole, the English treated the death of Shaw with a graceless perfunctoriness: to some extent, therefore, the brilliant stroke of imagination that prompted the B.B.C. to record in California the views of the greatest living novelist on his greatest contemporary in the drama redeems us from the general charge of philistine churlishness. Dr. Mann's talk had, of course, its double interest. There was the content, Mann on Shaw; and here, it seemed to me, Dr. Mann quite magisterially "placed" his subject; this, or something like it, one felt while listening, will be the judgment of posterity. From its very nature the talk was such as no living Englishman or Irishman, however eminent, could have given, and therein lay its value. But then there was one's interest in Dr. Mann himself, his speaking voice, method of delivery, even his mispronunciations of English words, and so on. This kind of interest is sometimes dismissed as vulgar inquisitiveness of the sort catered for by gossip writers. I do not think this is true where radio is concerned. Dr. Mann was recorded in California: it would probably have been much cheaper to have flown the script to London and had it read by Mr. Snagge or Mr. Frank Phillips. It would have been read admirably, but for all that as a talk it would have been more than half dead. In broadcasting, the speaker's voice, his mannerisms and the rest, are as much a part of his style as the words he chooses and the way he puts them together. Unconsciously we assess the man by his mode of speaking in the same way as we assess him by his formal prose; and when a talk is read on the air by someone not its author, by an announcer or actor, what happens to the talk is analogous to what happens to a piece of prose or verse when translated into another language.

This was exemplified the other day in Miss Rebecca West's programme *The Twenties*, in the current Light Programme series—curiously called "documentaries"; curiously, because so far they have all been expressions of highly personal points of view—*The Half-Century*. The first of these scripts, on the Edwardian period, was written and narrated by Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Miss West's, however, was narrated by Miss Margaret Rawlings, and it was in the narration that a programme of absorbing interest failed. The shape of the programme was, I felt, too "corny," as they say, even for the Light Programme: we were to imagine a middle-aged woman bursting in on a young man waiting to hear that his wife had given birth to a child and whiling away the time by answering his extremely ill-informed questions on the Twenties. It was a quite unnecessary structure, but that would scarcely have mattered, so brilliant and telling were Miss West's reminiscences, of the Bright Young Things, of D. H. Lawrence, of the General Strike, of an almost incredible election-night party at Selfridge's. It was, partly, a period seen through a temperament, a personal impression of an age. But only partly; and that was the trouble; because there in the foreground, speaking Miss West's words, was Miss Rawlings acting like mad. In other words, a second, distorting temperament had been laid on top of the author's; one was listening to a translation that from its nature was inadequate, and that reduced the value of the original.

Mr. W. R. Rodgers is the master of the apparently casual recording of informal conversation—Irish conversation. One can only guess with what patient cunning he stalks his sitters. But he failed, I think, with the conversation between Dr. Gogarty and Mr. Brinsley Macnamara, *The Wildes of Merrion Square*. The material—Dr. Gogarty's reminiscences of the Wilde family and Dr. Mahaffy—was exceptionally interesting, and the starting point of the conversation, the notion that Mr. Macnamara was contemplating a play on the Wildes, was good. What went wrong, then? Simply the "props," the way in which the sitters were posed: the speakers talking in the street, with the street noises of Dublin, which are so much like the B.B.C. street noises of London, behind them, and then moving into a pub and calling for drinks. All this should have made for the illusion of naturalness, informality. It didn't: the "props" stuck out like palm trees behind the sitters in an old-fashioned photographer's studio.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" and "Muscle Beach," at the London Film Club
"L'Assassinat du Père Noel," at the Berkeley
"The Battle of Powder River," at the Leicester Square

I remember reading once about Robert Bresson's *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*, that it had "enjoyed a great failure in Paris." The words seemed at the time more than a shade ridiculous, but I realise now, having seen the film, that they were well chosen. Rarely indeed has the film been made that catered so exclusively for one taste—its own. That taste is unusually worth discovering, but it doesn't allow for what might be called approximate enjoyment; and without approximate enjoyments, needless to say—in films at any rate—there will be no large audience.

Our experience of *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* must be—if we are to enjoy it at all—one of fascinated attention; then, how delicately and uncompromisingly it will open its world to us! In Paris a rich woman, as a revenge for her lover's easing off, plots to marry him to a tart, succeeds, and discloses the truth, only to find that, despite everything, the pair are in love. Four people are concerned—add to these three the tart's (or cabaret dancer's) mother. Their insistence is created, extraordinarily, by *isolation*. The luxury apartment, with a royally slow lift and its own sunlight, might be the castle in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and Paris the surrounding forests, so remote, moody, and self-complete is the prevailing drama. With incomparable skill Bresson has restricted everything, story, personages, acting and background, to his minor mode, as will a composer like Debussy or Berg; and the only question is whether the cinema has enough music inherent in it to sustain such modality. I am left, after one viewing of the film, uncertain. Certainly, it never departs from its own high standard (Diderot's story, with Cocteau dialogue), and it has wonderful moments, in the enigmatic presence of Maria Casarès as the jealous woman, and in the development of the girl's role, when she dances, and when she packs her suitcase in silence. The only flaw (and it's not excessively damaging) is the character of the lover; another actor was, apparently, intended for the part. Few, if any, films can have been better made, and whatever may come of Bresson in the future, *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* will remain a model for some and a warning for others.

Not for the first time, the London Film Club has provided Londoners with the chance of making acquaintance with a remarkable film. In its programme last Monday was also, by contrast, Strick and Lerner's *Muscle Beach*, a lively American short that swings a ballad out of the pleasures and pains of beach exercise. I should like, by the way, to add to my review last week of Emmer's films at the Academy, a recommendation of *Le Petit Soldat*, a French cartoon that charms with a ballet-like seriousness and grace.

L'Assassinat due Père Noel, directed by Christian Jacque, mixes alp and Christmas, the legend walking and the detective story. I found it, though packed with incident and often scenically splendid, rather distasteful. Nice children, when they don't have to sing like angels. Harry Baur as an old globe-painter, who for thirty years has donned cotton-wool and a basket and done his round on Christmas Eve.

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The newly reinstated Red Indian is the hero of *The Battle of Powder River*, helped by Mr. Van Heflin with a foot in both camps: considering how often his position has to be defined, this film keeps up a good gallop of excitement, picturesqueness, and in ..rest.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TWO VERDI PERFORMANCES

THE main trouble with *Don Carlos* is neither its length nor its complexity of plot, but its lack of any real dramatic unity and direction. As in the columns of our daily papers, there seems to be an immense amount of simultaneous and disconnected activity, almost all of it sad and bad: the political situation in Flanders, the King struggling with his conscience and the Church, Eboli edging her way back into the picture just when we had forgotten her existence, and so on. Whither, in this maelstrom, are we supposed to be moving, and which of the many threads is most important to the pattern? No audience has ever quite known; and perhaps, even after the heroic endeavours of Mr. Norman Tucker, no audience ever will. His vivid translation, combined with the remarkably clear enunciation of the whole Sadler's Wells company, kept us abreast of the actual course of events; but the inner life of the characters often remained unpredictable and obscure. "Is Rodrigo good or bad?" whispered my neighbour; and I lacked the courage to reply, *more victoriano*, "That's a Posa."

As in his very successful revision of *Simone Boccanegra*, Mr. Tucker has taken immense pains, as well as considerable artistic licence; here and there, in both operas, he has even fudged up a little pastiche-Verdi, and done it so skilfully that few can have been aware of the insertion. In *Don Carlos*, his compressions, cuts and transpositions are usually necessary and pointful, or at any rate defensible: even the total suppression of the *auto-da-fé* scene can be justified for so small a stage. But does not his ingenuity sometimes overreach itself, creating more problems than it solves? Consider his treatment of that highwater-mark of Verdi's score: the first scene of the fourth act, which takes place in the early hours of the morning in King Philip II's study. First we have (in the original) Philip's gloomy solo, "Ella giammai m'amò"; then the long and painful interview with the Grand Inquisitor; then the episode of the stolen casket, the King's accusation of Elisabeth, the summoning of Posa and Eboli, and the Quartet; and lastly Eboli's big aria, "O don fatale." Mr. Tucker has dispersed the constituent (and cumulative) parts of this great scene in what seems to me a reckless way. One curious consequence is that the King of Spain now hurls the name of "harlot" at his wife, not in the privacy of his chamber, but in an open piazza before a crowd of courtiers; it was quite comical to see the last of these embarrassed ladies and gentlemen creeping off stage with an expression that plainly said: "It's not much use hanging around any longer, now they've begun a Quartet." The interview between the King and the Grand Inquisitor is postponed to a still later scene: too late, surely, considering the importance of the Inquisition in the general scheme of the drama. Furthermore, this interview now takes place in Don Carlos's prison, of all unsuitable places. But then, in the Tucker version, what sort of a prisoner *is* Don Carlos? The programme speaks vaguely of "The Vaults of the Palace"; and Carlos, after roundly cursing his father for the murder of Rodrigo, calmly walks away, to all appearances scot free.

I mention these oddities, because there is a current impression that, while our bemused fathers were prepared to tolerate every kind of nonsense in opera, we are more enlightened and more particular. The truth is that we seldom discard one absurdity without embracing three or four new ones in its place.

The music of *Don Carlos* is Verdi on the threshold of his last phase. It has a dark and sinister power, lit by flashes of lyrical charm; and it contains, in the part of the King, at least one character study of profound originality. The few lighter scenes (in themselves of no great merit) have been understandably cut, so that the preponderance of slow music is inclined to produce a monotonous effect. At Sadler's Wells this danger is avoided by the careful playing of the rich orchestral score under Michael Mudie, and above all by the splendidly forthright singing of the cast. Vocally, the two outstanding artists were the King of Stanley Clarkson (a firm clear bass such as we have not heard in England since the war) and the Eboli of Amy Shuard. In good hands, and with good models, Miss Shuard could go very far indeed; I hope she will not be content to imitate the violent and overconsonantal manner of Joan Hammond, who sang Elisabeth. Miss Hammond can always be counted on to fill a theatre with big, soaring lines, and she is certainly more of a true Verdi soprano than, say, Hilde Zadek; but she seems comfortable only in *fortissimo*, and her *fortissimo* is not always so comfortable for us. James Johnston, in the title role, began (on the second night) roughly, but had some splendid moments later on; dramatically, it is a poor part. So, it might be thought, is Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa; but Frederick Sharp, by his distinguished bearing and the sheer intensity of his acting and singing, almost made out of this part the missing dramatic centre of the opera. The sets and costumes of Roger Furse are in excellent taste. It is true, as has been said, that George Devine, the producer, sends his characters plunging too readily to the ground in moments of distress; but in most respects his work is sound, and he achieved some impressive theatrical moments. The revival should on no account be missed by admirers of Verdi's incomparable genius.

Covent Garden has shown, so far, no inclination to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death with a new production of one of his rarer operas; but the present re-studied *Rigoletto*, under Erich Kleiber, is well worth the attention of the most blasé opera-goer. It offers a possibly unique opportunity to hear this great but hackneyed masterpiece performed just as it was written, with every *pianissimo* insisted upon, from orchestra and singers alike. The superb playing of the orchestra is perhaps the most striking single feature of the performance; it is a long while since I have heard Verdi's deceptively simple rum-tum-tum accompaniments played with such strength and variety, and few opera-goers can have realised what poetry lies, for instance, in the familiar orchestral part of "Caro Nome," or in the dark background of the Rigoletto-Sparafucile scene. (It is most interesting, by the way, to compare this duet with the Grand Inquisitor-Philip duet in *Don Carlos*.) Still more remarkable were the results on the stage. In the average Verdi performance, one learns to dread those concluding bars in the soprano-tenor or soprano-baritone duets, when the voices move in bawling tenths; in this *Rigoletto*, the gentleness of such passages was enchanting. On the whole, it was the gentler moments which were the most memorable. Wilma Lipp, as Gilda, is pretty and musical, but light-weight and un-Italian; Walter Midgley excels in the lyrical moments; and even that always dependable and subtle artist, Marko Rothmüller, made slightly less impression with Rigoletto's great outbursts than he used to make a few years ago at the Cambridge. I put this down, not so much to the larger house, as to Erich Kleiber's almost chamber-music conception of the work; the marvellous refinement of his handling was purchased, now and again, at the expense of that crude animal vigour which is also an essential part of Verdi.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

To avoid disappointment, place a definite order for your "New Statesman and Nation" with a newsagent, or become a direct postal subscriber. Particulars on page 113.

Correspondence

THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—One of the worst mistakes is to kid oneself. It is bad enough to mislead other people, but when we begin to believe our own excuses for wrong actions, the sacrificing of principles to expediency is inevitable. While the excuses affect only individuals it is not too serious, but when governments begin to indulge in the same woolliness the dangers to national and international relations are grave.

This week we have had speeches by Gaitskell, Strachey and other Ministers saying we shall never allow rearmament to mutilate our economy or damage irreparably our recovery. Most people have been neither impressed nor convinced by these assurances. I hesitate to suggest that Government spokesmen are beginning to kid themselves—although no one else—but it seems that if they haven't yet reached this stage they are only a hair's breadth away from it. One could, at least, have some respect for these statements if they openly admitted—what everyone outside Whitehall already knows—that rearmament is going to cut this country's standard of living back to where it was in the most critical days of 1947, and if they then defended the action as inevitable.

When the guns before butter programme was first announced by Mr. Attlee in the House of Commons he said the £3,200 millions which we would spend on rearmament during the following three years was the limit we could afford. And even this, it was added, depended on considerable help being received from America. Now we are warned that the world situation makes it inevitable that this sum be increased—though Marshall Aid has stopped.

From this position there can only be one outcome—a vote of no confidence in Labour and the abandonment of any advance towards Socialism for many years. It won't be sufficient to tell people that Tory methods, which will certainly include still higher spending on arms, will lower our standards still further. They will vote against the failure of the Attlee administration to give them the fruits they were promised, rather than for any positive Conservative programme. The British are notorious for voting governments out rather than in.

Nobody denies the wisdom of limited rearmament both as a warning to the Kremlin, and as an assurance to our friends that we are prepared to defend Western ideals should the new barbarism insist on a trial of physical strength. But is is something quite different to jeopardise our position as the nation of the world which has made the greatest strides towards post-war recovery and which has proved to every unbiased observer—even those from America—that democratic planning can achieve a faster rate of recovery and a greater degree of fair treatment for everyone than any other social and economic system.

Russia wants our experiment to fail. She knows that, if we succeed, there will be no need for the kind of violent revolution she advocates. But having refused to be stampeded by our own extremists on the Left and the Right into abandoning our beliefs in democratic planning, are we now to commit harikari because of external trumpet blowing from both the Caucasus and the Capitol. If we do, we may make American free enterprisers happy and enable the Russian Communists to heave a sigh of relief, but we shall discredit Socialism and bring no benefits to Britain.

MOSS MURRAY

11 Vernon Court, Hendon Way, N.W.2.

PEACE WITH CHINA

SIR,—Following upon the formation of the Peace with China Council, we have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country and from members of the three political parties signifying complete support for the aims and purposes of this Council. We are now trying both to co-ordinate and mobilise this deep and widespread concern for peace with China into the most effective and constructive channels. The administration has so far been borne entirely—and without any recompense—by the National Peace Council, and extra help is urgently required. Financial support is now a very pressing necessity, and we feel sure that many of your readers

who care profoundly about peace with China will be glad to send whatever contributions in money they can afford to the address below.

RITCHIE CALDER, LESLIE G. D. SMITH,
HENRY CARTER, REGINALD SORENSEN,
CHORLEY, STANSGATE.

Peace With China Council,
c/o 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—If ever a movement designed to "canalise" public feeling were assured of the public's support, it would seem to be the Peace with China campaign arising out of the recent Kingsway Hall meeting. Although Hampstead is a district whose responses tend to be above average, our experience in the last two weeks has produced some unexpectedly gratifying results which may interest other areas.

We are no more than an *ad hoc* committee who have made ourselves responsible for the clerical and organising work involved in starting a non-party Peace with China Council and arranging a public meeting. Two of our number had written a "stop-the-drift-to-war" letter to the local paper; the paper, intelligently conscious of public concern about the danger of Britain's being dragged into war with and over China, not only displayed these and other letters but carried a front page slogan drawing attention to their presence on page 2. From then on we were bombarded with offers of help and encouragement by telephone and letters.

Speedy local action seemed clearly necessary. So, without worrying about booking speakers we quickly booked our Town Hall, for a meeting on February 5, informed the press of our plans (which include the circularisation of every local organisation), and once again the response was immediate and impressive. Now we are inviting national and local speakers and other supporters, and present indications are that widespread interest is assured. Last Sunday morning, an impromptu open-air speech by one of our committee received considerable applause and an unusual degree of close attention. As one bystander put it: "Local campaigns like this are just waiting to be started; they *must* have a broad approach aiming to ventilate the feelings of the average man and woman throughout the country." People in other localities, we hope, are realising that the task is urgent.

RUSSELL W. KERR, WAYNE MINEAU,
JOAN M. MINEAU, GEOFFREY DRAIN
Hampstead Peace with China Campaign,
45 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—In your issue of Jan. 20, you published a letter from Mr. J. W. Reeves of Chicago. The last letter you published from Mr. Reeves was, I believe, on July 12, 1947, when he complained of the "ever-mounting criticism and dislike for America in England." As Mr. Reeves's letter struck me as sincere, hurt and puzzled, and as he happens to be a namesake, I wrote to him personally. In the course of a long and friendly reply, in which, characteristically, he invited me to stay at his home should I visit Chicago—an invitation I hope some day to accept—it appeared that he had had some rather stupid letters from this country. It seems to me that your readers might be interested in some facts which I learned, from his letter and which I do not think are confidential, as they lead to a rather important conclusion.

Mr. Reeves and his son are veterans of Wars I and II respectively, in the course of which both spent some time in England on the way to or from France. Both enjoyed their stay here. This, and the evidence of his published letters, makes Mr. Reeves an atypical American, or at least an atypical Chicagoan. He is aware of, and concerned about, America's position in the world and the appearance she makes in the eyes of other nations; he is well disposed towards England and has been here; and he has, presumably, read the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for at least three-and-a-half years.

The conclusion is that even such an American is touchy—and this gives us a measure of the touchiness of the more typical Middle-Westerner. Touchiness of this order of magnitude is a phenomenon which should not be ignored: a Congressman, unlike an M.P., may be considerably influenced in his vote by telegrams from his constituents. The sequence of events is clear; and, to anyone who believes that our own future security, to put it no larger, may indeed be slightly affected by the degree of true understanding between the English and American peoples, the situation is serious enough.

What, if anything, can be done? It is certainly useless to tell anyone that they are touchy. It is equally useless to attempt a *tu quoque*—to remind Americans that Lion-baiting was their chief sport in the days of the *Pax Brittanica*, and for some years thereafter. It is unthinkable that we should restrain what we feel to be fair comment and just criticism for fear of offending the hypersensitive—and not in the interests of true understanding. There are, perhaps, two sensible rules, applicable both to newspaper-editing and to conversation: to refrain from displays of spleen, envy, malice and so forth, and to give as much weight to the virtues and achievements of the Americans as to their blunders. Every quietly malicious, more-in-sdrrow-than-in-anger feature story of the Korean campaign, ends with a verbally handsome admission that, as Mr. Reeves says, America is furnishing most of the force and suffering most of the death—but this is always in small type, at the bottom of the article. Most Americans, like most English newspaper readers, don't read that far.

Chippenham. D. L. REEVES.

SIR,—It is gratifying to learn from J. W. Reeves' letter published in your issue of January 20 that Americans find it "somewhat disturbing to note that vociferous criticism is going the rounds in England over the insolence of America and on attempts to draw you into a war with China." This information should inspire those who seek to express the universal desire in this country to avoid a Third World War to redouble their efforts.

J. W. Reeves displays in his letter that peculiar inability of the American to appreciate that we English have no wish to be embroiled in an insane conflict with China, which, besides having no clear-cut moral justification, would inevitably precipitate hostilities in Europe and entail the devastation by atomic warfare of our island home.

In his letter we are exhorted to "make a little study of the real situation." To the Englishman the stark reality of the fact that 48 million of us packed into this island will face imminent peril of being atomised immediately a world conflict breaks out lends colouring to all his views on international affairs. It is high time that this was appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic. J. H. LOWRY

Fitzwilliam House,
Cambridge.

FORMOSA

SIR,—Some interesting light is thrown on American policy in Asia by an article on the position in Indo-China, which appeared in the European edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune* for January 1. The most striking passages are as follows:

> American officials argue that Indo-China is of far greater strategic importance than Korea, and if it is sound to commit two-thirds of the trained professional combat soldiers of the United States in Korea, then it is logical to give all possible military aid to Indo-China and to the Chinese Nationalist guerrillas in South China. They argue that if we are to achieve a military decision against Red China, we must keep this southern front open and plan for eventual landings in South China by the Chinese Nationalist army of Formosa. . . . Defeatists make much of the fact that the new Franco-American-sponsored governments of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia have so far failed to achieve any notable popular support, and that a majority of the people favour the Communist-dominated Viet Minh. But being a minority has never bothered the Communists, and there is no reason why we should be bashful about trying the same tactics of terror.

If this really represents the views of "American officials"—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we are forced to draw the following inferences:

(1) That they insist on retaining Formosa, in defiance of the Cairo Declaration, in order to use it as a base for aggressive war against China.

(2) That the champions of "Western democracy" are prepared to wage another world war to force on the peoples of China and Indo-China "American-sponsored" governments which are hated and despised by the majority of the peoples of those countries.

(3) That for this purpose the defenders of "Christian civilisation" are prepared to use the "tactics of terror."

These tactics—systematic bombing of civilians and mass executions—are already being employed in Korea with a similar object, the imposition on the Korean people of the brutal and corrupt American puppet regime of Syngman Rhee, and for this purpose the lives of British boys of eighteen are being sacrificed. Is this really a policy which can be supported by British democrats and Socialists?

34 Hillyfield Road, C. H. HOBDAY
Headley Park, Bristol 3.

PEARL HARBOUR

SIR,—General MacArthur has said that the Chinese attack was far more infamous than the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour.

With the circumstances of Pearl Harbour still fresh in our memory, this seems a most confusing remark, if it does not, in the light of the events leading up to the Chinese intervention, seem something worse. I recall the press headlines of last October, announcing that President Truman and General MacArthur would discuss the possibility of Chinese intervention at their meeting, a matter requiring careful consideration in view of the publication of two clear warnings within ten days by the Chinese.

83, Canfield Gardens, J. D. LIDDELL-KING
Hampstead, N.W.6.

LABOUR IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—Norman MacKenzie in his article "Scotland A.S.1" describes the Scottish Labour Party as "dying of old age and political sterility." Allow me as a Scottish Labour Party member to advance some statistical substantiation for this observation. In the 49th Annual Report of the Labour Party one finds that of 71 Scottish Constituency Labour Parties,

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15 are affiliated on the minimum national membership of 240 (and some of these are artificially high!), 12 have not more than 400 members, 15 not more than 600, 14 between 600 and 1,000, whilst of the remainder 11 have less than 2,000 and only 4 above.

It is interesting to sub-divide these figures. In Glasgow, once the centre of the "Red" Clyde, of 15 constituencies 7 have affiliation on the minimum national membership (4 of whom have Labour M.P.s). A further 5 have fewer than 500 members, and of the remainder only one has over 1,000 members. In Edinburgh, of 7 Parliamentary divisions, 6 have fewer than 500 members with one in excess of 1,000. Even in the 7 constituencies of industrial Lanarkshire, a former distressed area, 6 Labour Parties have less than 1,200 members, although it is granted that in South Lanark, with a capable and critical Labour candidate, one finds a vigorous rank and file membership of 5,400.

This cancer of small membership eats into Local Government. One finds the administration of the five major Scottish cities, three of which are highly industrialised, in Tory hands, whilst of 33 County Councils, 28 are Tory-controlled and of the Labour remainder 2 are held by only one vote. A further reflection of this is seen in Local Elections, where the polling is generally around 40 per cent., and rarely exceeds half of the electorate.

This Socialist apathy has permeated Westminster. It is rather alarming to find that in the last Parliament, of 39 Scots Labour M.P.s, 14 contributed to debates of national or international moment. Of the remaining 25 one could name at least 4 who spoke but once during the five years. It is appreciated that attendance to committee work and constituency correspondence is essential, but should this have rendered the conscientious 4 almost entirely inarticulate during this momentous period?

If our M.P.s think that the need for agitation is over, I would suggest that there is much to be said and done on the following points. First, a close watch must be kept on the Government's foreign policy and its economic and social repercussions on the Scottish people, and secondly, following this up, it should be necessary to see that the Government devotes a little more attention and energy to Socialist reconstruction in the shape of Scots housing and a little less to capitalist destruction in the form of rearmament. Moreover other urgent matters like the disastrously high T.B. rate, the growing demand for Scottish devolution and the need for an increased measure of social justice for the Highlands require urgent and constant attention.

These men and women have the chance and the responsibility of regaining for Scotland some of the character and vigour of the pioneers of Scottish Socialism.

The Labour Party rank and file look to Westminster for a lead. Unless that lead is given, there is no possibility of making up the alarming Socialist leeway in existing Local Government affairs and party organisation in Scotland.

Dalkeith, Scotland. JAMES DICKENS

I BELIEVED

SIR,—It is understandable that Kingsley Martin should feel puzzled that Mr. Douglas Hyde, an honest man, should have become a Catholic, but I think that his explanation—that he is not in a position to realise how wicked Cardinals have to be—is a bit unconvincing. After all, Mr. Hyde's position on the editorial staff of the *Catholic Herald* is not so very different in status from his old position on the *Daily Worker*, and it is probably as good a vantage point for looking at the Vatican as Mr. Martin's. Might I suggest that there is at least one important difference between the Vatican and the Kremlin? The Catholic Church teaches and believes, just like Protestants and Mr. Kingsley Martin, that duplicity and cruelty, even in a good cause, are wrong; but to the best of my knowledge this is not part of Communist doctrine.

I should like also to protest against Mr. Martin's general proposition, which is not supported by any proof, that power plus a doctrine of infallibility necessarily produces these vices. The Church's claim is confined to a strictly limited field; it claims to teach with certainty in the sphere of faith and morals, and so to stand guard over the Christian Revelation. I get the impression week by week that you, Sir, feel quite certain on a variety of subjects, in the fields not only of religion, where you teach a firm negative, but of politics and economics as well. So, from time to time, do most of us. Yet I feel sure that, given power, you would be well below the average, among rulers, in your duplicity and cruelty. Surely it is not the certainty, the feeling that one knows one is right, that produces bad results. They come when the person in power has not got a moral code, or when, having got one, he forgets or ignores it.

249 Creighton Avenue, D. O'DONOVAN
London, N.2.

[Mr. O'Donovan must not confuse my strongly-held opinion that he is a muddle-headed fellow with my certainty that I am not infallible and no one ever is or can be.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DIVIDENDS AND INFLATION

SIR,—Mr. B. W. Dale's letter published in a recent issue suffers from a number of fallacies.

First, Mr. Dale does not seem to realise that, whether or not high profits are undesirable from a "fair shares" point of view, they are not necessarily undesirable on the ground of economic stability. The reason for this is as follows. If inflationary pressure is to be avoided, expenditure must be kept low, and this includes consumption expenditure. But lower consumption expenditure means higher saving or higher taxation. One way of achieving this is to allow a larger proportion of national income to go to those who save and/or pay in tax a high proportion of their income. Such are companies and their shareholders, since the ploughing back of profits, profits tax and progressive income tax together ensure that an extremely low proportion of company profits becomes spendable personal income.

Secondly, Mr. Dale appears to be confused about bonus issues. A little reflection would show him that the shareholder recipient of bonus shares is in an analogous position to a small boy who having owned a quarter of a white mouse becomes the owner of two eighths. In other words, doubling the numerator of a fraction does not increase its size if the denominator is simultaneously doubled. The value of a share is equal to the present value of expected future dividends divided by the number of shares. It is true that a bonus issue may be taken as evidence of an intention on the part of directors to increase total dividends. If this be the case then the total value of all the shares of the company concerned will increase, but so it will with *any other* evidence of such intention. (It is also true that for technical reasons there may result an increase in the marketability of the company's shares, i.e., the ease with which they can be bought or sold, which may raise their price a little.)

Mr. Dale mentions "the realisation by business people of tens of millions of pounds from the sale mainly of newly created bonus shares" as one of the "great sources of spending power." Who does he think provides the funds to purchase them with? Does he believe that these funds come from the sky? If A sells shares and spends the proceeds on consumption, Mr. B who buys them must save an equal amount *unless* he either has sold an equivalent value of bonds to the monetary authorities who are pursuing an easy money policy or runs down his bank balance.

HAROLD EDEY
London School of Economics. RALPH TURVEY

JAPANESE WAR CRIMES

SIR,—The trial of the Japanese War Criminals was international. I have therefore been surprised to learn from *The Tokyo Trial*, by Solis Horwitz, issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, with a preface by Telford Taylor, that the transcript of the record and exhibits of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East, aggregating 48,288 pages of transcript, and 30,000 pages of exhibits, have been deposited in American institutions only. The English version of the transcript and exhibits has been microfilmed, and the microfilm has been deposited with the Historical Division, Adjutant-General's Office, Department of the United States Army.

The rejected documents also contain much important data for the historian and political scientist, particularly in respect of internal conditions in Japan and China; of these, three sets only have been preserved, which are also in the keeping of American Institutions. Other important historical material contained in the records of the International Prosecution Section are in the custody of the Historical Section, Adjutant-General's Office, Department of the United States Army.

This is indeed extraordinary, having regard to the international character of the trial, and the active participation by British and other non-American Jurists in its preparation and conduct. Surely arrangements should be made to place a complete set in the British Museum, and at least some of the other Copyright Libraries, and in the libraries of one or more British Universities—apart from the just claims of other countries.

It would be most regrettable were no effort made by any institution in this country to insure the availability of this material to British research students.

3 Charteris Road, E. SYLVIA PANKHURST
Woodford Green, Essex.

KIM

SIR,—You will, I hope, be inundated with letters pointing out the gross error of which Maurice Cassel has this week been guilty.

Kim was educated at St. Xavier's; reports of his progress were forwarded at the end of each term to Colonel Creighton and to Father Victor; he "showed a great aptitude for mathematical studies as well as map-making."

Has Kipling joined the Great Unread?

192 Warley Hill, DORIS CARPENTER
Brentwood, Essex.

KEATS AND FANNY BRAWNE

SIR,—I am writing a critical study of Keats and Fanny Brawne (1800-1865). In 1833, after the death of Keats, Miss Brawne married a Mr. Louis Lindo, who later changed his name to Lindon, and there were three children of the marriage: Edmond Vernon Lindon left a son and three daughters; Herbert Valentine Brawne Lindon also married, and left children; Margaret Lindon died unmarried. Margaret, the younger sister of Fanny Brawne, married the Chevalier João Antonio Pereira da Cunha, but I have so far been unable to trace her life after 1833 or her descendants. Both the Lindons and the da Cunhas travelled extensively on the Continent. I should be most grateful if your readers could give me any information whatever; any written material entrusted to me would be copied and promptly returned, and due acknowledgement would be made for anything I used.

2 Turner Drive, N.W.11. JOANNA RICHARDSON

WILLIAM DUANE

SIR,—I am collecting material for a critical biography of William Duane (1760-1835), Philadelphia newspaper editor, pamphleteer and politician who, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, was employed by the *General Advertiser* and associated with the London Corresponding Society. I should appreciate the use of your columns for an appeal for the loan of any letters, documents, or pamphlets written by or relating to Duane. All material will be carefully handled and promptly returned.

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Books in General

THE Shaw industry—his own "manufacture," he once said—continues; here are two new books* of gossip about him. But the non-stop, one-man impersonation act that went on throughout an immense lifetime has suddenly now the pathos and the blur of a recording by an old actor. He lived (Methuselah cried out, serious at last) too long; he yearned for the death he had so acutely feared. He had the fragility and sadness of one left alive long after the death of his contemporaries, cursed by lucidity and faculty unimpaired, even by excellent health. "I don't miss anyone except myself," he said to Hesketh Pearson with the incurious detachment of the old, "the self I used to be."

Biography has not yet brought its mercy to the rawness of words like that. Shaw has not been assimilated into his time. There have, of course, been contemporary biographies, but they are of the body-snatching kind, with Shaw himself taking a sometimes pedantic, often quizzical, and always histrionic interest in his own dissection. Reputation? "It is a mask a man has to wear just as he has to wear coat and trousers; it is a disguise we insist on as a point of decency." Comedy and curiosity go together. Of the snatchers Mr. Hesketh Pearson has been the most enterprising, original and discerning, and the postscript to the excellent *Life* he wrote some years ago is a lively record of a biographer's field work. Miss Patch, who was Shaw's secretary for the last thirty years of his life, is far less suggestive, but she has the interest of not playing up to her subject. Hers is a rambling, sometimes confusing book, homely, observant, rather comically complacent. Its most diverting revelation is the text of Shaw's comic guide to the Orkneys, which makes one regret that Shaw hated travel and left elsewhere such a poor record of the journeys he was made to take. Miss Patch has built up her portrait from the trivialities of a hard, everyday working life at the typewriter, the telephone and the files. Hers is an undomestic interior; she makes an occasional sharp, shrewd point; she has the level-headedness of the Shavian woman—though she firmly holds that she never was one and never came under the spell—and provides unconsciously an amusing self-portrait of a woman with her own interests who, early on in her work for the master, was a little primly determined not to be carried away. As a document of the author-secretary relationship, her book has an alarming undertone, and I imagine it may cause many sniffs of impatience among the idolatrous. The note, which is matter-of-fact and possessive, is struck in passages like this:

> He felt that he was merely one of the battery of mouthpieces through which a general purpose in human affairs was being conveyed to man. It is not for me to say whether some higher power inspired the writings of Bernard Shaw. I am not a Shavian. I was never, as he perceived and said, swept away by his personality. I had my own life and my own interests which might for me be more important than the great man himself. I remained an outsider, now and then, perhaps, throwing out some comment, which would suggest an outsider's point of view. . . .

(frequently on his arithmetic; the rash calculations of human time that would be saved on the new alphabet, for instance, or the precise reckoning of the injustice of super-tax at 19*s.* 6*d.* in the £.)

> Yet in passing one may recall that Shaw is not the only author who has believed his writing to be inspired. Kipling, for example, thought so too, and Shaw's verdict on Kipling was that he never grew up.

The thoughtful secretary goes on to ponder:

> What puzzles me is how messages so diverse as those delivered by these two could have been inspired from the same source.

The Shaw she watched was a maniacal worker who never "spent a frivolous afternoon in his life." He was made to travel a great deal by his wife who, he complained, was a restless and dissatisfied woman; but he avoided Society, hated "small talk," and was haunted by a terror of the passing of time. Other observers have suggested that all his life he had a morbid terror of death.

> Long before I knew him [Miss Patch says] he was gazing with terror at the days flying past, convinced that he had one foot, and as the years went by both, in the grave.

At 40 he was in a panic at the sound of the younger generation knocking at the door. At 60 "the sands were running out." At 89 "I dare not wait six months." The electric drive of frenzy was obvious. He guarded his working hours to the end of his life, kept to the 1,500 words of Pitman's shorthand per day, to which he had drilled himself when he was young. He had no time for people, and "apart from Charlotte, towards whom he was tenderness itself, he simply snapped down on those who were eager to offer him friendship." He did not want (he protested) "to talk to anyone alive or dead" unless they were interested in the arts. On his subjects some incurable talkers like Lady Oxford thought he talked too much; in fact, at a lunch he would begin well and then tail off into silence. He had done his turn and was bored, and indeed was taciturn most of the time. The intellectual egotist had sunk into his basic indifference to human beings. In old age he wrote notes to people sitting in the next room in his house rather than speak to them. Perhaps they bored him?

Words: he had defined the Irish intoxicant in one of his partial self-portraits in *John Bull's Other Island*. The case of Sterne runs parallel to his, and perhaps for similar reasons. "His days were dominated by the fascination of finding words for ideas and sentences for words . . . Writing became an obsession as strong as a craving for opium." In his nineties he said: "If I stop writing, I must die for something to do." His great achievement—the fashioning of a prose style—sprang from this obsession, for though it is not easy to bear with his prefaces or *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* for more than a dozen pages at a time, for they excite the nerves like gin at first and finally dull them, there is hardly a dead individual paragraph in them. The vice in Shaw's genius is his reluctance to let the curtain come down on his act. He did not write about too many things, but his mania for words, his genius for impersonation in art or argument, made him go on too long. Miss Patch and Mr. Hesketh Pearson are good-humouredly resigned to Shaw's persistence in believing he was "right"; but I doubt if Shaw ever thought he was "right." What he was impelled to be was the actor who is never at a loss, who dominates the stage, who (in argument) is the guerilla of debate, shameless in evasion, concerned only with asseveration that is excellent and victorious in itself. He sought to awaken in human beings the match for his own independence. How he admired Mrs. Patrick Campbell for being a monster. What is remarkable in a wit is the lack of malice, the fact (as Miss Patch says) that he was a wit at peace with himself. Not vain of his work or reputation but rather vain of his person, he was tender to the susceptibilities of others.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson's book is very different from Miss Patch's record of her work; he is, at once, idolatrous and telling. (He notes, for example, the touch of pedantry in Shaw.) He, too, knew Shaw in the last thirty years and points out the difference between the libellous, fighting, outrageous Shaw of the early years and the conciliatory and gentle Shaw of the later ones. At 54, he was capable of making a great scene at the Dramatists' Club. He made no bones about exposing publicly the fatal effect of Granville Barker's marriage upon his talents. There is a hardness of heart about women; or, rather a decisive realism which hides the tenderness commonly felt by detached natures. He was one "whose naturally affectionate and emotional disposition was held in check by a sense of derisory comedy which made the circumstances of his youth and early manhood bearable." The hardness is, however, sometimes blatant. He was captivated by May Morris, but there was "no question of going off with her. I had my satisfaction elsewhere." After making a bonfire of human illusions and passions, he proposes not orgy but prudence and foresight—the bourgeois virtues! There is a fear of love which turns any of its forms to farce and, for some tastes, to vulgarity. Mr. Pearson asked about the famous Isadora Duncan story. Shaw replied:

> There's no smoke without fire, and I dare say the incident was fathered (or mothered) on to her after a scene between us. One day I went to a party given by Lady Kennet of the Dene. Sitting alone on a sofa, clothed in draperies and appearing rather damaged, was a woman whose face looked as if it had been made of sugar and someone had licked it. This was Isadora. We were introduced. She rose, held out her arms, and cried: "I have loved you all my life. Come!" Well, I went. We sat down together on the sofa; the entire party gathered round us as if they were witnessing a play; and for an hour we performed an act of *Tristan and Isolda* for their benefit. After it was over she begged me to call on her when she declared that she would dance for me undraped. I gravely made a note of the appointment but forgot to keep it.

There are two very touching episodes in

**Thirty Years With G.B.S.* By Blanche Patch. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
G.B.S. A Postscript. By Hesketh Pearson. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Pearson's book: the account of a walk round London with Shaw in old age who was revisiting places he had known in his early manhood; and the extraordinary description of his wife's death. The tragedy of great age could not be more clearly exposed; for, in our civilisation, which has put such a value on length of life at any cost, in any conditions, death has become more cruel and terrible than in less "enlightened" times. The tragedy of Methuselah is that he outlives his heart; he sees more and more clearly and if he feels, has lost the faculty of knowing what he feels. Old age, in our heartless dispensation, is a subject which no modern writer I can think of has had the courage to describe; and Shaw himself, who had dreaded the passing of time, and had turned, as if in panic, to his 1,500 words a day in the shed of the ugly house at Ayot, was driven in the end to curse the vitality that kept death from him so long: "I am in hell."

V. S. PRITCHETT

FOR AN ALTAR

Too many gods having to be placated,
Verdigris on the statues of the past
Under their lids that they will never close
Glows in the cathode tube a greenish light,

Great gods of law and infinitely small
Gods, deaths and transmutations whispering
Contrary counsels from their pediments
Gods of the hearth and tumults of the breast

And the stern signals of collective life
Immensely focussed on our trouble, vast
The possibilities, the nothingnesses,
They overlook us with too solemn eyes

Exacting sacrifice and making void
And spent the bloodstream and the smoking brand.

CHARLES MADGE

OLD CRABBED MEN

This old crabbed man with his wrinkled, fusty clothes
And his offensive smell—who would suppose
That in his day he invented a new rose,
Delightful still to a fastidious eye and nose?

That old crabbed man, pattering and absurd,
With a falsetto voice—which of you has heard
How in his youth he mastered the lyric word
And wrote songs faultless as those of a spring bird?

This old crabbed man, sloven of speech and dress,
Was once known among women—who would now guess?—
As a lover of the most perfect address,
Reducing the stubbornest beauty to nakedness.

That old crabbed man, a Herod of the first water,
His manhood consumed in bragging, drink and slaughter,
The terror of fag, bearer, batman, caddy, porter,
Is the adored of his one infant great-granddaughter.

From such crabbed men—should we not realise?—
Despite their present insupportable guise,
May have been distilled something apt, sweet or wise,
Something pleasing perhaps to former minds or eyes.

JAMES REEVES

WITHDRAWAL TO THE COUNTRY

From the Wasteland. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Turnstile Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Our age has witnessed a new phenomenon, the withdrawal of the cultivated townsman to the country under pioneering conditions. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries he lived in a "country house"; in the early twentieth, in what is known in my part of the world as "stockbrokers' Haslemere"—the houses looking very like North Oxford. But for country gents and commuting stockbrokers alike, life was padded by servants and cushioned by conveniences. To-day there are no servants and most of us are too poor to afford "every convenience." Hence the pioneering conditions; hewers of wood and drawers of water, we fiddle with unaccustomed machines or paddle about in muddy Wellingtons to feed the chickens and crank the petrol engine. Some of us do this for good, others for week-ends only, but whether it is for long periods or short, most of us continue to pursue the same kind of life as we lived in the towns. For our living we continue to "write," and for our entertainment to play bridge and golf and circulate for drinks before dinner among the neighbours. As a consequence, we are *in* the country but not *of* it, being parasites who still draw our spiritual and intellectual breath from London.

So it is with most of us, but so it is not with Mr. Hyams. For Mr. Hyams, having given up his pre-war employment, decided to live not only *in* but *on* the country, with nothing but a hundred pounds, a country cottage largely gutted by evacuees, and an estate of three acres overgrown by brambles, as his stock in trade. His motive? "Congenial work instead of uncongenial," and "a much greater measure of personal liberty." "For what," he goes on, "was the point of making a lot of money for spending, if it involved fifty hours a week of detested work without an iota of social value?" Yet this, he points out, is the plight of most of us:

> About ten per cent. of the population of Great Britain and about thirty per cent. of the population of the United States were living upon the producers by doing "work" which no adult could possibly enjoy. Why? Presumably to buy vacuum cleaners and nylon pen-wipers.

In short, we spend so much of our time in acquiring a living that we have none left in which to acquire a life worth living. A life worth living includes, for Mr. Hyams, acquiring certain practical skills and making with one's hands "something which one begins and ends and which is personal". As he ploughs, digs, plants and sows, grows vines and presently converts a motor car, Mr. Hyams acquires and passes on curious bits of information as, for example, that the life-span of an empty tin on a rubbish heap is twenty years, or that among the requirements for longevity are not drinking water and "enjoying" intermittent attacks of moderate eczema.

Though his standard of living has sunk, his level of happiness has risen. While most of us tend to be discontented unless we have some positive reason for contentment—and are driven, therefore, to invent positive reasons in the shape of distractions and entertainments—Mr. Hyams seems on the whole to be contented unless he has some positive reason for discontent. This leads him to one of the most interesting speculations in his exceedingly interesting book. Living and working in the country he experienced a freshness and intensity of feeling which was as novel as it was satisfying. It was as though he had cleansed his palate for life. But physical comfort was sacrificed and so, in its degree, was culture. You can't travel if you live Mr. Hyams's life, and you are often too tired in the evening to listen to music or to read your book. Is this sacrifice of much comfort and some culture on the altar of spiritual gusto necessary? Mr. Hyams discusses the question at length but without reaching any definite conclusion. But if a choice has to be made, he doesn't hesitate:

> If clockwork, by which I mean the whole range of mechanics from the bicycle to the atom bomb cannot enable us to gain the world without losing our soul, then, judging by the state of mind and spirit and manners of a community of peasants and those of a community of mechanics and clerks, we are on a wrong course.

His escape, then—and he isn't ashamed to use the word—is motivated primarily by a hatred of what modern civilisation has become. His description of life in America—"Only a person blind, deaf and dumb could fail to find the U.S. an unhappy country . . . the most wretched land of our experience," is scarifying. Nor can he understand the contemporary townsman's representation of withdrawal to the country as a kind of desertion. It never, he points out, seems to occur to him, that the withdrawer has escaped because he wants to or that the pleasure he derives from withdrawal is other than reprehensible. Why, he wonders, is this? Presumably because we are become masochists in our attitude to work, so that "the idea of any man making even a bare subsistence out of what he enjoys doing—writing, especially poetry, painting, gardening, farming—is disgraceful and offensive." I would add, sour grapes; we would like to do it ourselves but haven't the courage, and an uneasy half-awareness of the jejune quality of our town lives leads us to denounce the man who "blows the gaff" by acting on the truth which we cannot bear to have acknowledged.

Mr. Hyams watched the progress of his withdrawal as a scientist watches over an experiment, with himself and his wife as guinea pigs. That the experiment has triumphantly succeeded, that he grows out-size tomatoes, makes red currant wine, makes a herb garden, restores the culture of the vine to southern England, does not, of course, mean that his life is wholly satisfactory. For one thing he must devote four hours a day to writing, which means that he is always short of time and labour and every job is a "rush job." Yet the writing turns out to be a success and the wine is delicious, so that, as I came to the end of his book, I thought that Mr. Hyams was the nearest thing to a happy man that I had met or read of for a long time.

One effect of the townsman's withdrawal to work with his hands in the country is to confer the knack of good writing. Mr. Davidson had it, Mr. Adrian Bell had it, Mr. Hyams has it in a greater measure than either. He has written a continuously entertaining book which contrives in the pleasantest possible way—when read aloud it provoked the happiest laughter—to make the reader thoroughly dissatisfied with his civilisation.

C. E. M. JOAD

TRUE BLUE

Return from Utopia. By RICHARD LAW. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Law finds the England of to-day lacking in the charm of the sunny Edwardian afternoons when he once lay "in the lee of the pavilion, reading Scott and listening to the click of bat and ball in the distance." During his lifetime, he feels, there has been a steady decline in personal liberty and happiness, for which he blames, on different levels of responsibility, Satan, democracy, and the intellectual.

"The Prince of Darkness," whom Mr. Law, unlike Edgar in *Lear*, considers to be "no gentleman," has had a pretty free hand in human affairs from the time that Darwin's theory of evolution undermined the religion and morality of Victorian England. Like another Conservative intellectual, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Law is firmly "on the side of the angels." It is a pity that he should try to rationalise an honest belief in the Devil; the working of original sin, or the Id, or whatever he is called these days, is as good an explanation for the misery of mankind as any, and perhaps the only valid one. But it is a pleasing conceit to blame it all on to the theory of evolution.

It would be unfair to a writer of Mr. Law's honesty to descry the flick of a forked tail, dyed a very True Blue, when he bemoans the extension of the franchise beyond the old property qualification. Here he parts company from

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F. L. Lucas

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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Mr. Disraeli; no present day Carlyle could accuse him of "Shooting Niagaras". He doubts whether democracy is compatible with personal liberty; one suspects his meaning to be that it is not compatible with Conservative government. But as a member of what he calls the "çi-devant ruling class" it is or was Mr. Law's business to see that democracy is compatible with personal liberty. It is hardly courageous to want to change the rules of the game when you are losing, and it is certainly unrealistic. The masses are not merely in revolt; they are in possession, and any attempt to deprive them of the franchise could only irritate them without in any way encouraging them to value the liberties they have acquired in the teeth of opposition from that "çi-devant ruling class."

It is, of course, the intellectuals who have perverted the people from a due respect for that dear old "çi-devant ruling class."

> There exists in every intellectual society, [says Mr. Law] a class of dispossessed, those who . . . have never had power and responsibility to match their intellectual capacity . . . These are the men . . . eager to avenge the slights which they imagine society to have inflicted upon them, who take control of a socialist movement.

This theory of the corrosive activities of the intellectual in society is a hoary old chestnut, which was the common property of a number of German professors. They derived the theory from their experience under the social democratic administrations of Central Europe between the wars. The type of intellectual which gives ground for belief in the theory is fairly common on the Continent, where a sharp barrier between the ruling class and the intellectual often forces him to become either a sycophant or a rebel. Henry James said of the species as he encountered it in France

> such a person helps one to understand the red radicalism of France . . . the sinister passion for theories . . . it is a terrible pattern of man. Permeated in a high degree by civilisation it is yet untouched by the desire which one finds in the Englishman in proportion as he rises in the world, to approximate the figure of a gentleman.

The phraseology is dated, but the description of the process is still valid. The result is that the English intellectual has always found a place in the seats of power by right and tradition. The upper levels of the home and diplomatic services have been staffed by intellectuals for almost 100 years. Their wholesale invasion of politics is more recent, and it is perhaps their extraordinary success in that field on the Labour benches that Mr. Law envies and deplores. The difficulty about intellectuals is, of course, that they are frequently too clear sighted to be Conservatives if Conservatism is made, as Mr. Law has tried to make it, into an intellectual belief.

RICHARD WINTER

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NEW NOVELS

A Question of Upbringing. By ANTHONY POWELL. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Randall and the River of Time. By C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Hidden Fairing. By N. BRYSSON MORRISON. *Hogarth Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Bizarre Sisters. By JAY and AUDREY WALZ. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A younger generation of common readers owes Mr. Cyril Connolly a great debt of gratitude for allowing it a peep into his private treasure-house of fiction. High on the credit list, the novels of Anthony Powell figure as an outstanding item. Had it not been for *The Novel-Addict's Cupboard*, many of us would never have read Scott Fitzgerald until Gatsby's recent, smart resurrection made pleasure a belated duty and, in the same way, without that impatient nudge from the Arch-Taster, we might have missed *From a View to a Death* and so failed to enjoy one of the best ironic comedies in modern literature. After eleven years Mr. Powell has written a new novel. Though admirers will detect in it certain modifications of style—for example, an occasional preference for the unduly telegraphic sentence—the general method and presentation are the same as in the author's pre-war novels. Since the book's inspiration appears to be partly autobiographical, an excursion into time past, we could not wish for anything better. Just as Spenser is popularly reckoned the poet's poet, so Mr. Powell is the novelist's novelist. Without prejudice to whatever masterpieces may make their appearance later in the year, I have a feeling that *A Question of Upbringing* is the novel I shall have enjoyed reading most in 1951.

The book covers two or three years in the lives of a quartette living through that uneasy, golden period of time once called later adolescence and now better and more bureaucratically known as "school leaving age." The time, at the outset of the book, is 1921, and the school (surely?) is Eton. The quartette consists of Jenkins, the circumstantial, unattached narrator, Stringham, the romanticist, Templer, a playboy in embryo, and, at a lower and more farcical (but eventually sinister) level, Widmerpool, the "hard trier" or housemaster's stand-by. The theme (though such a generalisation seems foolhardy in face of Mr. Powell's masterly *tournures* and outflanking movements) would appear to be the effect of experience on character, the process of static formation which, in a closely patterned society, encrusts the individual at an early age. The subject matter might be described as "days at school, where so many forces, hitherto unfamiliar . . . become in due course uncompromisingly clear."

The book opens beautifully with a slow movement—Widmerpool returning from a solitary cross-country run, appearing out of the late afternoon mist, "in a sweater once white and a cap at least a size too small, hobbling unevenly, though with determination, on the flat heels of spiked running shoes." The scene changes—to Stringham's study, to an oddly assorted house-party, to a tragi-comic French *pension*, to the spikiest of Oxford tea-tables. All the time, while our attention is engaged in the witty, ironic foreground (a seedy relative, a don's rock-cakes, an unsettling game of tennis, the schoolboy taboos aroused by an unusual overcoat), the hardening process is creeping up behind Mr. Powell's characters. Almost before we or they are aware of it, they have become conditioned, have received the characteristic *imprimatur* that is to remain with them for life.

Though the author's own brand of objectivity is everywhere visible (his young barbarians have an epigrammatic polish far more authentic than the conventional patter of most schoolboy fiction), this book is full of echoes. Widmerpool recalls J. D. Marstock in *Some People*, while Stringham, "lively, obstinate, generous, not very happy and quite relentless," is obviously an *âme damnée*, a more virile, Stendhalian variation on Sebastian in *Brideshead Revisited*. Such resemblances are unavoidable, springing necessarily from the comparative poverty of English upper-class characterisation. It is Mr. Powell's merit and, for at least one reader, his supreme attraction, that he applies a uniquely individual method to highly traditional and one would thought, resistant, material. The result is as though Wyndham Lewis had taken to painting the subjects of George Stubbs. By means of his style (what Connolly has called his "monochrome realism") Powell swathes the motives and feelings of his characters in folds of complexity. Watching his men and women execute their weird but perfectly observed arabesques of behaviour, the reader finds himself weighed down with uncertainties—of just where, in the don Sillery, idiosyncrasy ends and "lifemanship" begins, of why Stringham hoaxed his housemaster, of the size of Parebrother's bank-balance, and of the identity of the person who drew the unkind picture of Widmerpool in the *pension* W.C. And in some strange way, this very uncertainty adds immeasurably to our knowledge of the characters themselves. They exist in a psychological atmosphere which is shifting and impalpable as the English climate, and impenetrable as life itself.

If Powell is a master of the crab-like approach and the stealthy pounce, C. S. Forester excels in the art of direct, clear-cut narrative. *Randall and the River of Time* is the first of what is apparently designed to be a succession of books about an inventor. The present volume describes his life as a subaltern during the first world war, his unfortunate marriage and the domestic drama that ends his post-war age of innocence. One admires the way Forester gets to grips with each phase of his subject. Among contemporary novelists, he is the standing justification for that much overworked phrase, a good craftsman, and one imagines him testing and fitting the pieces of his book together like a gunsmith. Whether he is describing a 1917 honeymoon or Randall's method of separating smooth from wrinkled peas by means of a velvet conveyor-belt, his absorbed interest in detail infects the reader. And on his own ground—the horror of the Flanders dug-outs and the "Big Push"—he is altogether admirable. Those interested in such problems of the art of fiction as the ideal stretch of time across which a writer should view his *terrain* will have noticed that several of our older novelists are now writing vividly and excitingly about the first world war.

The Hidden Fairing is yet another of those period tales about the gawky lad of promise living in the shadow of the Big House. This time it is the Highlands and the air is thick with bairns and bittocks, "na na" and "doesna ken." Privilege rears its gentle head on page 19 when the tall, beautiful Lady steps out of the waggonette and knocks at the cottage door:

> She must have brought the sun in with her for she lit the dark room as it was not lit even at high noon.
>
> "Bartle," his mother's scandalised voice reached him, "how dare ye rub against the Lady like you? Awa' back with ye."
>
> But Lady Wain would not hear of such a thing and murmuringly demurred, stroking his head that she might keep him close to her. . . .

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Though there is plenty of tepid action in the novel, there is little or nothing that can be called a valid criticism of life. A relaxing purl-and-plain book, its clichés clicking happily like knitting-needles on a drowsy afternoon.

"Except for one supernumerary," declare the authors of *The Bizarre Sisters* in an introductory note, "no character in this book is imaginary. They all lived once, even the dogs and horses." Personally, I find this kind of avowal generally fails to inspire confidence, especially when accompanied by a formidable family tree and a list of over 60 *personae* including "sixteen Gentlemen Justices." The authors have attempted a dramatic reconstruction of the life of an old Virginee family during the years 1792 to 1815. Though Dr. I. A. Richards long ago reminded us that the word "colourful" is not necessarily a pejorative, in this case the "u" has been dropped with no very good results.

JOHN RAYMOND

NO IVORY TOWERS

Selected Poems of Thomas Merton. Introduced by ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Celebration at Dark. By WILLIAM JAY SMITH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6*s.*

Key Poets. First Series: EDITH SITWELL, GEORGE BARKER, RANDALL SWINGLER, JONATHAN DENWOOD, STANLEY SNAITH, DORIAN COOKE, JACK LINDSAY, MAURICE CARPENTER, JACK BEECHING, NORMAN CAMERON. *Fore Publications.* 1*s.* each

A poet who has become a Cistercian monk, Mr. Merton has been faced with the great difficulty of adapting his style to themes for which it is quite unsuitable. The dominant trend in American poetry seems to be an academic one; not only is poetry fostered by the universities, but much of the verse itself strikes one as a mere by-product of higher education. Mr. Merton's poetry has never been of this kind; rather he seems to have reacted against it. Yet the gulf between the two cultures of his country—that of the intellectuals and that of the profane majority—could only be bridged by a poet prepared to make an entirely new beginning, to renounce all the fashionable manner isms and write in forms capable of moving the uninitiated. In Mr. Merton's case this need is all the more acute, for little of his verse is purely devotional or purely contemplative; one assumes that it is intended for a secular, unspecialised public.

Mr Merton's style derives from Imagism; but an Imagist poem cannot be successful unless its visual content is highly organised and controlled. With very few exceptions, the poems in this selection are in free verse; only some of them —such as "Storm at Night," "The Dark Encounter," "Death" and "On the Anniversary of my Baptism"—are concise enough and intense enough to hold together in spite of their loose construction. Most of them are marred by the fashionable vices, impurity of language, wilful obscurity and imagery so far-fetched that it distracts from the theme. Mr. Merton writes:

> The white girls lift their heads like trees,
> The black girls go
> Reflected like flamingoes in the street.

Even if it is possible to conceive of white girls lifting their heads like trees, the contrast between white and black is lost in the analogy with flamingoes, which suggest anything but blackness. There are altogether too many similes in Mr. Merton's poetry, though at times these can be accurate and evocative:

> Look where the landscape like a white Cistercian
> Puts on the ample winter like a cowl
> And so conceals, beneath the drifts as deep as quietude,
> The ragged fences and the ravaged field.

In several of these poems, Mr. Merton addresses his unregenerate countrymen; even in *The Captives—a Psalm*, a poem taken from his most recent collection and written, we are told, at Gethsemani, his manner is curiously violent:

> Blessed is the army that will one day crush you, city,
> Like a golden spider.
> Blest are they that hate you. Blest are they
> That dash your brats against the stones.

I cannot presume to judge whether such apocalyptic outbursts are compatible with Mr. Merton's present vocation or whether they are provoked by images of the past recollected in tranquillity. What is remarkable about his imagination and his message is that they should so resemble those of another contemporary American poet, Mr. Kenneth Patchen, who wrote:

> O fiery river
> Spread over the American land
> Drown out the falsity, the snug contempt
> For what does not pay . . . .
> What would you pay Christ to die again?

Mr. Merton's affinity—of manner, as well as of vision—with Mr. Patchen is evident in other poems, such as *Ode to the Present Century* and *Pilgrim's Song*, in which he considers the worldly life. To those who judge poets by their affiliations, this resemblance must seem very strange; for Mr. Patchen is a rebellious individualist and much of his poetry is frankly blasphemous or obscene.

Mr. William Jay Smith is a young American poet who has been living in England and Italy. The poems in *Celebration at Dark* have the rare merit of meaning more than they say. Most of them are short and unpretentious, yet they are perfectly controlled, not only metrically, but visually. The images unfold in such a way that, instead of breaking the poem's unity, they have a cumulative effect which leaves the reader exactly where Mr. Smith intends him to be left; they are unexpectedly right. Usually the poet begins with a simple object or a simple situation and then allows his imagination to wander—within limits; this process is especially effective in *Chrysanthemums* and *The Girl in Glass*. The influence of visual art is very marked; every poem is composed, not merely put together. For that reason, it would be unfair to quote single lines, or even single stanzas, just as it would be misleading to exhibit one corner of a still life. The following poem is called *Tragedy and Comedy*:

> Two life-sized marble busts of bearded men,
> One shoulder draped, the other shoulder bare;
> Between the two, like some bright-clad corsair,
> The sunlight playing on the frames of gold
> Sets free the prisoners the mirrors hold,
> And joins the wind across the cold parterre.
>
> No violin need sound; for now no more
> Will tufted silk and satin sweep the floor,
> Nor logs be heaped upon the roaring flames.
> From swans' hooked necks a chandelier descends,
> And clothes the ghostly dancers in its flames,
> The dancers as they glide along the stair.
>
> Put out the light, the lovely evening ends:
> An owl hoots, and rain comes down the skies.
> Two lifeless men: one laughs, the other cries,
> And facing where the dancers all have fled
> Below the balcony, the cold parterre,
> Across the dark they both salute the dead.

Without making any direct statements, Mr. Smith yet succeeds in conveying something very profound; nor is his subtlety mannered or self-conscious. Above all, Mr. Smith never uses the intellectual jargon in which so much of even the better contemporary American verse is written; he relies on his eyes and his feelings, not on his lecture-notes.

The publishers of the *Key Poets* pamphlets have offered a practical remedy for the temporary estrangement of the poets from their public. If the public do not avail themselves of this opportunity, they deserve to be deprived of poetry for a generation. For once it will be impossible to blame the poets for being obscure, for talking in private languages or living in ivory towers (as if they could!). It is true that certain other accusations could be levelled at the editors and at some of the poets represented in the first series; Mr. Jack Lindsay, for instance, will probably be blamed for not being obscure enough, while other readers may be shocked to find Mr. Barker using words which would make an ivory tower blush. At the same time, the blurbs reveal a tendency on the part of the editors to imagine that poetry may be used to gild a political pill; this fallacy may seriously affect the success of their venture.

Twinter's Wedding, by the late Jonathan Denwood, is written in the Cumbrian dialect; it is an excellent piece of truly popular poetry, humorous, vigorous and easy enough to understand:

> Quoth frisky Mag, "Ah's thurty-five
> And heven't hed a man;
> Yit Ah's as fit as owt alive
> An kittle reet ta t'bean;
> Ah's full o' luive fra top ta toe,
> Wid me theer nowt amiss,"
> "Ne doot o' that," said ragman Joe
> An gev hur gob a kiss.

Dr. Sitwell has contributed five recent poems; admirers of her later work will not be disappointed. Mr. Barker's *Confession*, a single long poem with an elaborate rhyme scheme, makes great demands on his virtuosity: but it contains passages as good as anything he has ever written. As his last collection showed, he has attained a new directness, the bareness characteristic of genuine lyrical poetry:

> Sleep at my side again, my bride
> As on our marriage bed you turned
> Into a flowering bush that burned
> All the proud flesh away. Beside
> Me now, you, shade of my departed,
> Broken, abandoned bride, lie still
> And I shall hold you close until
> Even our ghosts are broken-hearted.

Mr. Swingler's *Lazarus*, a sequence, is an impressive study of the soldier returning to civilian life, a theme also touched upon by Mr. Cooke. Mr. Cameron is an accomplished poet who too often takes refuge in bitterness and irony; when he abstains from doing so, he can write poems as delicate as *Shepherdess*, in which the pastoral convention comes to life again:

> All day my sheep have mingled with yours. They strayed
> Into your valley seeking a change of ground.
> Held and bemused with what they and I had found,
> Pastures and wonders, heedlessly I delayed.

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PROGRESS TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL EQUILIBRIUM. THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW'S STATEMENT.

The 115th annual general meeting of Midland Bank Limited will be held on February 16th in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, The Most Hon. the Marquess of Linlithgow, K.G., K.T., which begins by recording the marked progress made towards that international equilibrium for which Britain, in company with other countries damaged and impoverished by war, has been struggling through more than five strenuous, exacting years.

The statement continues: It would be an endless task to try to allocate the credit for this achievement. One thing that can be said indisputably, however, is of high significance in any consideration of the prospects for consolidating and extending the gains already won. It is that the speed and extent of the progress recorded thus far must be ascribed very largely to the immense contribution made, directly or indirectly, by the United States of America. It has indeed been a political miracle of modern times that the United States, reversing her long-standing policy, has accepted with astonishing promptitude, and expressed in munificent and decisive action, the responsibilities of leadership in world affairs. After enumerating some of the many ways in which the United States has contributed to international recovery, Lord Linlithgow remarks: It is only when one comes to recall these facts systematically that one begins to appreciate, in general terms, the magnitude and quality of the contribution—material, intellectual and moral—of the United States to world recovery and improvement and to realize how dark and devoid of hope the situation might have been in the absence of this unexampled aid and inspiration.

PROSPECTS OF LASTING EQUILIBRIUM

It can hardly be denied that to expect the indefinite continuance of direct material support from the United States, of the kind and on the scale recorded in the past five years, would be to cultivate an enervating and chronically unhealthy habit of mind. Equally, however, to presume the sudden cessation of American aid would be to envisage the risk of collapse of the painfully rebuilt structure of economic and financial relations.

Beyond the stage of "emergency" aid, the international economy will continue to be powerfully influenced by conditions within the United States. It may thus become a question of cardinal importance to the rest of the world whether business activity in the United States is likely to be steadier than in times past, or whether it will prove to be still subject to violent fluctuations, the effects of which will be speedily and disturbingly transmitted to other countries. I do not think we need nurture anxiety on this account, for, despite some evidence of continued surface effervescence, there is good ground for believing that the economy of the United States has greater inherent steadiness than in times past.

IMPLICATIONS FOR BRITISH POLICY

The disproportionate influence exercised by the United States on world affairs, in part by reason of the "natural" course of economic evolution and in part as a consequence of the damage and disruption wrought by war, is to some extent inevitable; but it is also excessive when judged by the long-term interest of the world as a whole. For reasons of both short- and long-term relevance, therefore, and in the widest of world interests, our own policy should be framed with a view to constantly strengthening the economic foundations of the British Commonwealth. I therefore ask myself, looking at the situation as a banker, what should be the guiding lines, in the years immediately ahead, of action in the economic and financial sphere, and there are three matters on which it seems to me timely to make some comment.

My first point arises from the necessity, everywhere deplored but recognized as inescapable, of diverting to concerted defence measures some of the economic resources actually or potentially at our command. Help may be made available from the United States in support of the common effort and some reliance may be placed on the growing productivity of British industry. For the rest—and the rest need not turn out to be so onerous as to give rise to serious hardship—it is essential that the diversion of resources should be at the expense of current consumption.

Secondly, no effort should be abated in maintaining at the highest attainable level the dollar earnings of the sterling area, and of Britain in particular as the central unit of that association. To fulfil this year's commitments under the American and Canadian Government loans, while at the same time adding to monetary reserves, meeting more of the import requirements of partners in the sterling area and supplying capital for development of resources overseas will call for the greatest export effort.

Assuming continued success along these lines, so that equilibrium on the balance of payments is firmly established and the monetary reserves of the sterling area are powerfully reinforced, the question will arise whether the time has not come for moving gradually towards fuller convertibility and freer use of the pound sterling. There can be no doubt that progress along this line would constitute a far more desirable application of regained strength than a deliberate revaluation of the pound in terms of the dollar, which might easily have the result of dissipating some of the gains already achieved.

WEAKNESSES IN THE DOMESTIC SITUATION

The notable increase in the volume of industrial output, apparent a year ago, has continued, thanks largely to the extensive improvement of capital equipment. If, however, any complacency should be felt on the basis of past, very solid accomplishment, it can be speedily dispelled by reflecting upon the fuel shortage and the all-too-frequent power cuts which disturb the smooth running of industry and cause endless inconvenience. It is further to be regretted that defence measures would seem to have entailed arresting, and perhaps even reversing, the trend of decontrol which had made substantial advances in the past two years or so. Further, one cannot ignore the accumulating evidence of stringency or lack of balance in the financing of industry, associated with the progressive shortage of equity capital. The complex problem of industrial financing, however, is but one manifestation of a single, cardinal factor in the economic situation, namely the continuance, and perhaps intensification, of inflationary pressure. Herein lies the prime cause of anxiety in any view of the immediate future.

MONETARY CONDITIONS

The Statement discusses the principal factors contributing to the marked growth in Bank deposits during the latter part of 1950, and concludes that the expansion must have been due overwhelmingly to the changed external position, including the establishment—for the time being at least—of a surplus on the sterling area's balance of payments with dollar countries and the tendency among foreign buyers to meet their foreseeable requirements of sterling by purchases in advance of actual need. Thus analysed, the growth of bank deposits gives far less cause for anxiety than if it had been traceable simply to deficit financing through a sharply unbalanced budget. Indeed, it would be possible to argue that some part of the momentum towards expansion will work itself into reverse as sterling bought in anticipation of needs is used to pay trade debts as they fall due. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to regard the increase with complete equanimity, particularly in the light of foreseeable factors making in themselves for further expansion. One of these is the prospective rise in Government expenditure, particularly on account of defence, which, having regard to the existing level of taxation, will not be easy to provide for out of revenue while leaving still a substantial budget surplus to cover "below-the-line" outlays. It is relevant here to remark that, in order to exert full disinflationary effects, taxation needs to have its impact on incomes and private spending; taxes which have the result merely of transferring capital are largely ineffective for this purpose. In the non-Governmental field, moreover, there seem to be indications of continued expansive pressure through the upward trend in bank advances.

It would not be surprising if a trend towards monetary expansion were to continue, unless measures to combat inflationary pressure are adopted which go nearer to the source of the trouble than those so far employed—unless, in particular, the heavier rearmament outlay can be brought within the compass of the present volume of Government spending.

Now it is late. The tracks leading home are steep,
The stars and landmarks in your country are strange.
How can I take my sheep back over the range?
Shepherdess, show me now where I may sleep.

Unfortunately there is no room to deal with the other poets represented in these pamphlets. Though none of them come up to anything like the standard set by Dr. Sitwell, they are all serious poets intent on communicating a message to the reader.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

NAGSNORTON

Lower Than Vermin. By DORNFORD YATES. *Ward, Lock.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I had never before met a Dornford Yates novel, though obviously I should have. *Lower Than Vermin* lit up my part of the Christmas tree, and it would be more than ungenerous of me not to share it. *Noblesse*, as Mr. Yates would say, *oblige*. For in his glowing tapestry he will sometimes admit a French thread—a twinkling phrase, a bottle of bubbly, a whistled exclamation of "Frenchwomen—Good God!"—the more to enhance native hues. There is no more English annalist living, I should think; unless Mr. Charles Morgan or Mr. Gillie Potter, whose unpredictably happy conjunction he may suggest. He is as English as Greenwich dinners, and strawberry-leaves, and log fires, and Newmarket on a wet day, and Beowulf, and Sir Waldron Smithers, and Fenchurch Street station, and *King's Rhapsody*, and glass-bottomed tankards, and frozen plumbing, and the Coronation Stone and . . . and . . .

But this tapestry of ourselves, *sans peur et sans reproche*, that will grace no doubt many a high hall and humble parlour—what does it tell of? Blue blood, cornflower-blue under the chandeliers, pink in the saddle, scarlet with the Guards, purple in clubs, red over veldt and poppy-field, and now in the moment of taxation, bled white! Red, white, and blue! What, what's that? Think a little—draw closer—

In the Nineties, then, with the flag still flying over Baker Street, Philip, Earl of Ringwood, aged twelve, was going back to Harrow with a friend.

"There's your ticket, my lord, and yours, sir. Your bags are in the rack and the luggage is right in front."

Philip put out his hand, and Freeman tugged at his glove. Then he took off his hat, took Philip's hand and bowed.

"Thank you very much, Freeman, for all you've done."

"Thank you, my lord. It's been a very great pleasure."

"Don't stay now, 'cause we're keeping my great-uncle waiting."

Freeman put on his hat.

"Very good, my lord. Allow me to wish your lordship a very pleasant term." He turned to Postlethwaite. "And you, sir."

"Thank you very much," cried the children.

Freeman stood for a moment with his hand to his hat. Then he turned on his heel.

He was of the old school.

Though not Harrow. And meanwhile, how fared it with Lady Vivien, his sister, a few years older, in the hunting field? Oh, heavens!—

"Never been blooded, have you?"

"Oh, yes, "cried Vivien sharply. "The Master did it himself."

"Twice won't hurt you, you bitch."

He caught her right wrist. He daubed her brow and her cheeks . . .

Who is *he* but a "socialistic huntsman,"? It has been wrong, everyone agreed, of the Master to trust him. Soon after, of course, he murders someone and duly hangs for it, while Lady Vivien goes on (blood will tell, no less than bloodings) to become "the rage of London." "A century before," the author observes rather wistfully, "she would have been a toast."

Then there's Lady Ursula, and Hansard the butler, and the quite speechless Duke of Tulse, and Lord Henry, and the duenna (as a governess should be called), and Lady Bleeding, poor Lady Bleeding—

Pale as death—

(Well, no wonder!)

Pale as death, she looked upon Crosswood and loved him, for Vivien to see.

But Lady Bleeding—may we call her Mary?—was already, if unhappily, married, and Capt. Crosswood a gentleman. Lucky, indeed, that Vivien saw, because otherwise the Captain might never have spoken.

"Listen," she said. "It's the only chance I'll have. I don't know how much you love Mary, but Mary loves you. And she's in hell, Captain Crosswood. Ten days ago she tried to break her neck." Crosswood went very white. "Nothing would matter if she could get out of hell. Nothing. She envies scullery-maids, because they're free—and when I say free, I mean they're not tied to her husband, day and night. I'm telling you this, because I've got to do something. I can't sit still and watch her agony . . . On Friday they're going to stay at Carlton House Terrace—I think for ten days. If you want to write to Mary, you can trust her old nurse. Write to Miss Eldridge, care of Lady Pursuant. She'll give her the note inside." She shot another look round. "And now I must go. But don't forget—Mary's in hell: and when you're in hell—well, anything upon earth is better than that."

With that, she took her crop, put Trueboy at a gap in a hedge and was gone—

(How? How?)

—like the wind.

So you see, even in those gay good days they had their troubles. A lady might find herself "let down," a gentleman would be "badly placed" or even forced to give up his Clubs, manners—on which all the characters give one another and ourselves lessons—might be brushed aside and forgotten, a cad might yield to a Comtesse (bah! Frenchwomen!); but in the end all will be redeemed, what with V.C.s, graciousness, the family lawyer, and a stirrup cup in time.

And—haven't they waited for it?—at last comes the Royal visit, of Edward and Alexandra, very properly in italics.

Dinner was served at small tables—everything used by Their Majesties now, of course. His own sergeant-footman stood behind the King. Her Majesty was charming to me. For some remarkable reason she knew me at once. "Come, Miss Carson," she cried, "and sit and talk to me." The next morning they went to Church, as, of course, did everyone else. It was, really, most affecting. The Vicar received them with tears running down his face, and half the older villagers were similarly moved. I admit that I wept, myself. Sir ——, the junior equerry, told me that such was their reception at ——, almost everyone broke down. "Hardened," he said, "as I am, I was in tears myself, and the chauffeurs were crying—they couldn't help themselves . . .

A little damp, would you say, the Edwardian glitter? Nothing after this can seem quite the same, not Oxford, that "merry monastery," or the Great War ("They're ten to one, all right; but they can't get through. St. George for Merrie England. Honestly, Vivvy, it's the most glorious life."), not even Spain ("must throw up one's hat for law and order"), another Coronation, christenings and ponies, the Boche again, stacked cards at the Club. What the barbarous huntsman had begun, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning greedily takes up.

But although our tale may seem to have ended sadly, with funds torrenting away and Poesy (the family estate) under a bureaucratic hob-nail, there's an imperviousness about all Mr. Yates's characters, a fine-nostrilled defiance of the world around. I took this at first for Englishness, bred in the bone; but it's more. Looking back I remembered the lady, page 71, on her way to France, "the very worst sailor that ever was foaled." H'm. Such metaphors—if they are metaphors—grow thicker with every page, till in the end it's no surprise to find a two-year-old Blue Girl, out of Blue Boy and Sully (*v.* family

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Company Meetings

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

Spectacular Improvement in Sterling Position

The annual meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held in London on February 16.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., accompanying the Report and Accounts for the year 1950:—

Our profit at £1,761,603 is £52,327 higher than last year. Our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts at £1,149 million show an increase of £17 million. Loans and Advances are £289 million showing an increase of £'8 million; even so our lending is still only 25 per cent of our deposits.

Since my last statement there has been a very serious worsening of the international situation. The peaceful nations of the world are forced to shoulder a vast additional burden of armaments if they are to become strong enough to keep the threat of war at bay. This marked deterioration in the political scene did not paradoxically, prevent a notable improvement in the world economic and financial picture.

In combination with a high level of internal activity in the United States, devaluation has proved an important corrective influence.

The improvement in the position of sterling has been most spectacular of all. Throughout 1950, indeed, the sterling area was able to earn a modest surplus in trade with the dollar area. This meant that during 1950 we were able to place the whole of our Marshall Aid receipts to reserve.

The first reflection of any genuine improvement in the strength of the pound should take the form of dismantling the special import restrictions which, according to the generally accepted international code, only a country in balance of payments difficulties may legitimately employ. When sterling is self-supporting at $2.80 without the aid of these special props it will be time enough to discuss an improvement in the rate.

The restoration of sterling convertibility remains a most desirable objective for the United States as well as for ourselves. Unfortunately, the military situation may have rendered the whole subject of convertibility for the time being an academic one.

Rising Cost of Living

Internally, the effects of devaluation have as yet been less inflationary than was feared. The interim index of retail prices actually showed no rise on balance during the first eight months of 1950, though whether this tells anything like the full story is open to question. There can, in fact, be no doubt that the high and rising cost of living is causing severe hardship to many sections of our people and giving rise to considerable discontent. Fortunately, the upward pressure on prices has not—thanks to the responsible attitude of trade union leaders and employers alike—provoked wage increases on the scale that might have been feared.

Retrenchment Essential

Even before Korea, the case for reducing Government and other public expenditure to permit an alleviation of the tax burden was so overwhelming that it is appalling now to have to contemplate an actual increase in taxation. One cannot doubt that a real policy of retrenchment would yield very substantial economies, though one or two cherished idols would have to be shattered in the process.

What is absolutely certain is that any additional fiscal burden will fall on a nation which is already grossly over-taxed. Still higher taxation will not only dimish still further the incentives to effort and initiative; it will have lost a great deal of its former effectiveness in curbing inflationary pressures. More taxation, especially more direct taxation, will mean less saving, while any increase in indirect taxation will raise prices and provoke demands for higher wages. In other words, any remaining margin of taxable capacity is terribly small. To finance defence we must look, in the main, not to increases in revenue, but to drastic reductions in other public expenditure.

To secure adequate resources for rearmament, to safeguard the purchasing power of our savings, and to restore to our internal economy that resilience which alone will permit the maintenance of our social services unimpaired—these are the main objectives of a policy of vigorous retrenchment. Drastic economy is always difficult, disagreeable and unpopular, but to follow any other course now would be to sacrifice the substance for the shadow and to condemn our people to slow strangulation, social services and all.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

STRONG POSITION OF STERLING

The Statement by the Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham, Chairman of Westminster Bank Limited, has been circulated to Shareholders, with the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1950, which will be presented at the Annual General Meeting at the Head Office on Wednesday, 14th February. The following is a summary of the Statement, which is dated 11th January, 1951.

The Balance Sheet shows that Current, Deposit, and Other Accounts, at £815,000,000, were £7,000,000 higher than at the end of 1949. Throughout the year our figures followed the general course of aggregate clearing bank deposits, remaining fairly stable earlier in the year apart from the usual seasonal fluctuations, and showing a rather more than normal increase in the autumn. This increase was in some degree associated with the strong position of sterling and the consequent influx of money from abroad.

Advances to Customers and Other Accounts, which increased on the year by £18,000,000 to £208,000,000, also reflected the general experience of bank advances, in which the steady growth of 1949 continued until it was checked in the later months of 1950. This upward trend was well spread and was a natural accompaniment of increased trade and industrial production. It was interrupted only as the result of several new factors, repayments flowing from the large number of capital issues by public bodies and private industry being by far the most important.

The course of bank deposits and advances in 1950, taken in conjunction with increased production, suggests that there was no great addition to inflationary pressure; but the outlook for 1951 is by no means so favourable in this respect.

A striking feature of the balance-sheet was the increase in acceptances, endorsements, and other engagements on account of customers, which rose by £20,000,000 to £51,000,000. This item reflects the present activity of our foreign business.

The Accounts show a profit for the year of £1,471,031, an increase of £10,474 compared with 1949. Higher earnings from advances were partially offset by a reduction of income from investments. All our expenses continued to rise, especially staff costs, which are of course by far the largest item. The profit has enabled us to declare the same dividends as for last year, and again to place £600,000 to reserves for contingencies.

I am glad to report a satisfactory financial result from the operations over the past year of Westminster Foreign Bank, Limited. The French branches have been very busy indeed, chiefly on account of continued activity in importing and exporting. In Belgium, the earlier part of the year was quiet, but the closing months were rather more active.

In Ireland, our affiliated institution, the Ulster Bank, has been doing increasing business, but all offices in the Republic of Ireland have—in common with those of other banks—been closed since Christmas, by reason of the dispute between the Irish banks and the Irish Bank Officials' Association. In consequence we have been prevented so far from obtaining accounts from the Ulster Bank as at 31st December last.

An Outstanding Development

An outstanding development of 1950 was the striking increase in the gold and dollar reserve of the sterling area, a change of fortune which led to the mutual agreement between the Governments of the United States and the United Kingdom that Marshall Aid to Britain should be suspended from the 1st January, 1951. It is difficult to exaggerate the success of the Marshall Plan, an act of international co-operation surely without parallel in time of peace.

The appearance of a surplus of dollars in the balance of payments of the sterling area and the consequent suspension of Marshall Aid to Britain do not mean that, quite apart from the strain of defence preparations, the economic recovery of this country is anywhere near complete. An examination of the causes of the improvement makes this clear. The devaluation of the pound in September, 1949, coincided, roughly speaking, with an upward turn in the level of business activity in the United States. A second strong influence was the heavy cut in dollar imports which the United Kingdom and the countries of the overseas sterling area were forced to make at the time of devaluation. At the end of June, 1950, a third factor was added—the outbreak of war in Korea.

A new stimulus was given to the demand for raw materials, and the third quarter of the year ended with the reserve standing at rather more than double the figure at the time of devaluation, the sterling area having had a surplus of $400,000,000 in the first nine months of 1950 apart from Marshall Aid received. This fact encouraged the idea abroad that the pound might be revalued. The result was a sharp rise in the demand for sterling exchange for forward covering of purchases of sterling-area goods—an exact reversal of the conditions which prevailed immediately before devaluation.

While genuine progress was made in 1950, much of the gain both in the sterling area as a whole and in our own position was attributable to exceptional factors, the removal of which would leave us once again short of dollars. We need a much more substantial dollar reserve before any revaluation of the pound should be considered.

The real test of our ability to earn our living in a competitive world has been postponed, not averted, by the present emergency, which has once again created "sellers' markets."

Internal Conditions More Favourable

Internal conditions in this country during 1950 were more favourable than had been expected. The rise in the cost of imports due to devaluation was slower in reaching retail prices than forecasts had suggested. A large part of our increase in exports was provided by higher production; and we were thereby saved the feared reduction in the volume of consumer goods available at home. Personal incomes were kept fairly stable in accordance with the policy courageously initiated by Sir Stafford Cripps. There is reason to hope that the policy of wage restraint has helped all to realize that an increase in real personal incomes can only come out of increased production, and that increases in money incomes not matched by higher production will simply reduce the purchasing power of the pound.

There must be a wider understanding that it is American charity that has enabled us for some years to live, as a nation, beyond our means. The national standard of living in future must be set by reference to the production index, rather than to the cost-of-living index. It will, in fact, be so set, whether we wish it or not.

Industrial production did increase notably during 1950—at a much greater rate than was anticipated in the Government's Economic Survey; but, by progress on both sides of industry, much more still can be achieved in this direction. Shortages of raw materials will check production in some industries in 1951; but recent reports from our branches all over the country refer to the under-manning of many industries. This under-manning and the needs of the Services should absorb any labour displaced by lack of raw materials. But the difficulty of persuading men displaced from one industry to take work in another is formidable, as is exemplified by the grave lack of manpower in the coal-mining industry.

During the year demand in several lines of business was curtailed, and there was a widespread impression of there being "less money about," but in fact the explanation of this impression lies in the changed directions of demand. Statistics of retail trade show that as a result, no doubt, of higher prices and the greater selection of goods on offer in the shops, money was drawn away from entertainments and semi-luxuries and spent on essential goods, such as groceries, clothing, and house furnishings. The total amount spent by the public on their living expenses was probably greater than ever before.

It would seem that the only real contribution that the private individual can make towards the lowering of the level of taxation is to kill the idea, which is by no means confined to the lower income groups, that "the State will pay." We need to get public opinion mobilised against waste.

There is no doubt that we in this country face yet again the possibility of a great war. If the Dunkirk spirit can be roused in the nation throughout 1951 we can show all the freedom-loving nations that we are once again making ready to shoulder more than our fair share in the defence of liberty; and we may well be able to reach such a position of strength in 12 months' time that we can look back and say: "One more danger squarely met."

tree on endpapers, and p. 295 on). These surely must be, and are, *horses*. But then, was the Earl of Ringwood a horse, too? Did they all start with tails and manes, in addition to blood? Or have they, in a struggle for existence, grown them during the past seven decades? I see that I shall have to re-frisk Mr. Yates's idyll—and what a delight that will be!—with an ear for a neigh and an eye for a wince.

G. W. STONIER

ALL MUMS TOGETHER

National Baby. By SARAH CAMPION. *Benn.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Speaking as one Mum to another, I should like to offer my admiration to Sarah Campion for having told her story with such astute good humour. I read her book with the gloating sympathy one feels at the sight of "someone else going through it"—I, too, had a National Baby, in a hospital very much like Miss Campion's St. Albion's. And here it is all over again: the hard, narrow benches and the tea-urn atmosphere of the ante-natal queues, the blonde cleaner in the "sprigged and dirty smock," the desultory banter in the ward, and those gossipy "little trots," the special indulgence of Mums who have passed the bed-bound stage.

This book is almost uncomfortably authentic. One finds oneself feeling around for the loose dressing-gown and the pink bed-jacket. One smells the faint fish-and-pudding breeze as the doors swing to and fro behind the "trolley full of yellow slabs." One lives again in that closed, enamelled world in which the only suggestion of another life is the glimpse of an ambulance rolling across the asphalt yard.

But all these are the impressions of one of Miss Campion's Mums—which is hardly fair. Coming down from the high bed, therefore, let me say that there is much in this book to interest and entertain anyone who likes a "slice of life." There is feeling without sentimentality, as in the painful episode of the demented toddler clinging to his mother at the ante-natal clinic. There is humour, both in the author's comments and in the scenes she reconstructs with such satisfying verbal accuracy—for example, the Mums' baiting of the embarrassed electrician in the ward. This happy coarseness could never be invented. In fact the dialogue throughout the book is beautifully faithful; Miss Campion selects tit-bits of conversation with an unerring ear for the revealing absurdities, clichés, and oddities of human speech.

But her book is more than an entertainment. It analyses that alarming and apparently inevitable phenomenon, the Hospital Mind, and it offers something in the way of a critical appraisal of the National Health Service as applied to maternity work. Miss Campion recognises "the dilemma of the human versus the inhuman"—a dilemma particularly awkward in the case of pregnant women, who, as she says, are at the same time herd-like and intensely individualistic. The National Health Service provides for their material welfare with unprecedented efficiency and care, but it assaults their privacy. On the interpretation of this word I would differ from Miss Campion: physical privacy, to my mind, hardly enters into the question at all. If rows of medical students can be instructed by gathering around one's prone body, let them gather. One keeps one's real, mental privacy far more easily under their mild, obstetrical gaze than under the sharp eyes of the Mrs. Hemmingses and the Mrs. Standishes of the ward.

But this is going back again to my personal opinion as a fellow-bed-jacket. The self-consciousness of the new middle-class occupants of these free beds will no doubt go: they will cease to be resented—but only if, as Miss Campion says, they make up their minds to bear with the present transitional stage, forget their sensitivity and take, with a good grace, what is provided. Miss Campion's own good grace is alive on every page. Even at her most scathing she keeps an almost cordial sanity—refreshing in a writer, invaluable in a Mum.

JENIFER WAYNE

Important Announcement

Max Lowenthal's remarkable book

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

which was the subject of the article by Norman MacKenzie, *The Man who Defied the G-Men* in the *N. S. & N.* of Dec. 23rd, will be published in March by TURNSTILE PRESS at 25*s.* The first printing is necessarily limited. Ask your bookshop to reserve a copy now.

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EQUIVALENTS OF WAR

Psychological Factors of Peace and War. Edited by T. H. PEAR. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

"One hears of the mechanical equivalent of heat. What we now need to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war; something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proved itself incompatible." Thus, William James in the *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The theme was to be elaborated in *Memories and Studies*, and for almost half a century it has dominated the psychological approach to war. Many of the psychologists who contribute to the present symposium, edited by Professor T. H. Pear, of Manchester University, for the United Nations Association, refer explicitly to William James, and the others, one feels, have him just at the back of their minds. Edward Glover's proposal (quoted by Flugel in this volume) for a research body, required to produce an interim report every fifty years, undoubtedly pays due respect to the complexity of the problem. It is not entirely fanciful to think that here is the first of these reports—not, it is true, by an organised research body—and to expect an account of the progress achieved since 1902, when William James drew up the terms of reference. All the more so as the prospect of anybody making any report in a further fifty years continues to lose plausibility.

If the twentieth-century commentary on James's text is as disappointing as these articles suggest, the reason is probably not far to seek. The prevention of war is primarily a problem in operational research—by which is implied that it cannot be solved by splitting it into components of a purely technical content, handing on the bits to the appropriate specialists, and hoping that the answers will fit together as easily as the problem came apart. But a condition for the success of operational research is that the research workers should have access, in Professor Blackett's phrase, to the "push-button men." This book can be fairly represented as a brave attempt by research workers who have been allowed barely a glimpse of the object of their inquiry.

For this reason the essays fall inevitably into two classes; first, relevant but discursive onslaughts on the whole problem of war—no better than the similar efforts of political, philosophical or sociological writers, and no worse, except that the authors are often less informed about what has been said previously; and secondly, accurate and detailed examinations of some part of psychological theory with very questionable relevance to the main issue. In the first class Professor Flugel's essay on *Neglected Aspects of World Integration* is the most impressive, both in the width of his approach and the warm common sense of his remedies. "In dealing with a 'naughty child,'" he writes, it is ". . . usually more profitable to try to understand the culprit's psychological motives and mechanisms than blindly to punish or blame, so also with the delinquencies of nations." It is a sufficiently obvious analogy (witness, for instance, the case of the Russian brides), but the therapeutic indication is not often noticed. In international affairs it is easier to think in terms of police action than probation.

Among contributions of a more theoretical kind, the most noteworthy is an article on *Frustration and Aggression* by Mrs. Himmelweit which is both scholarly and clearly written—though the researches which she reviews are, as a rule, neither. Mrs. Himmelweit, wisely, since her evidence relates to individual behaviour, does not attempt to state a political moral. Professor Allport—of William James's own University—amidst a formidable list of research projects, does draw attention to one lesson of immediate application. "An important factor in the downfall of democratic Germany . . . was . . . dismay at the shifting policies of the Allies. To the Germans, Versailles meant one thing, the Dawes plan another; reparations indicated one attitude, non-enforcement of reparations another. Punitive treatment was inconsistently mixed with friendship. By such an inconsistent administering of rewards and punishments even a rat can be made neurotic."

Space forbids more than a cursory mention of the other contributions. Professor Cohen, in a sprightly essay on *Women in Peace and War*, contrives, in less than twenty pages, to range from the *Malleus Maleficarum*—("essentially an attack on woman"—since "it propagated the belief that witches were fifty times as common as sorcerers") to the exploits of Queen Phillippa at the Battle of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Miss Kerr writes briefly on *Personality and Attitudes towards Warfare*, and Dr. Richardson contributes two notable papers on the mathematics of warfare—a subject largely of his own construction. Dr. H. J. Eysenck deals exhaustively with "social attitude" studies. Here I would have welcomed a more critical accent, for many of these questionnaire studies are of dubious validity. He commits himself, in passing, to a curiously fallacious argument on the theory of sublimation.

Professor Pear's learned but digressive essay on *Peace, War and Culture Patterns* needs no comment from me. Dr. H. V. Dicks gives an account of his experience as a British Army psychiatrist examining recently captured German prisoners of war. His *Psychological Studies of the German Character* are unfortunately not matched by any comparable review of the Russian, American, or even British characters. Most conspicuous of all

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is the omission of any study of what happens when they all meet. Indeed, no one would guess from this book that the slightest difficulty had ever been felt by either Russia or America in understanding perfectly the other's position. Here surely is a subject which psychologists ought to be able to say something about.

A. D. HARRIS

MONSIEUR PRUDHOMME

Henry Monnier. By EDITH MELCHER. *Cumberlege.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

I do not know if the fame of Colonel Blimp will outlive that of Mr. Low, but such has been the case with Monsieur Prudhomme and his creator Henry Monnier. If Monnier is not entirely forgotten, he is probably familiar only as a name in nineteenth-century memoirs, and that darkly. Was Monnier the Monnier who . . . . ? One's memory is vague, confused. It was even so in his time. When the Odéon had rejected one of his plays, they offered the ambiguous excuse : " We thought it was by *Marc* Monnier."

Monnier was both less and more than the David Low of the France of his time. He was something of the G. H. Lewes, too—fatally versatile. He was by turns artist, author, actor, and each with equal zest. His gifts were genuine and quite exceptional, but always he missed the best. I am not sure there is any one word for what he lacked. Partly it was taste.

Miss Edith Melcher's biography of Monnier is the first to appear in English. She is an American scholar, and her book bears the marks of assiduous research. She tells us that Monnier was born rather earlier than he claimed—in June, 1799. His father was a minor civil servant, and Monnier too at the age of sixteen entered the Ministry of Justice as a *surnuméraire*. He was not overworked, and office hours were often enlivened with practical jokes. But Monnier decided that he was far too good a penman ever to be promoted above the rank of copyist, and left. He took up art. He was a pupil first of Girodet and then of Gros, who helped him discover his talent for lithography, a technique little older than Monnier himself. This interest in colour printing brought him at the age of twenty-three to London. Other French artists were here at the time ; Delacroix, who was one of them, has described the Anglophile enthusiasm which seized them all in the 1820's. But while these others were attracted by Constable and Lawrence, it was Cruikshank whom Monnier made his friend and master. He worked hard. He coupled new methods with old ideas, French qualities with English to build up a style that was peculiarly his own without being in any of its elements original. His series of prints *Petites misères humaines* owed more than its title to Rowlandson and *La Vie d'un jeune homme à Paris* is Hogarth's Rake's Progress transported. Even so, Monnier was " too French " for many London editors, who rejected his drawings, and but for the vogue of things English in Paris, he might well have been thought " too British " for the French. As it was, his work was a wonderful success at home. Between 1827 and 1830 all France came to relish his *albums lithographiques*, and especially his *Moeurs parisiennes*, *Grisettes*, *Moeurs administratives* (in which he made good use of his civil service memories) and (one that might be worth reprinting in 1951) *Voyage en Angleterre*.

Returning to Paris, the artist enjoyed his renown. He was proud, Miss Melcher tells us, of his resemblance to Napoleon, and he had learned how to dress himself. He was welcomed in society, and not least for his gifts as a mimic and comedian. In 1830 his reputation as an artist slumped, but as the July Revolution provided a consoling explanation, Monnier was not dispirited. " Finding myself with nothing to eat," he later recorded, " I wrote a book which made me overnight a man of letters." This was his *Scènes populaires*, containing the first half a dozen sketches in dialogue form which set the pattern for all his literary labours. They had their origins in comic improvisations that had been his party-pieces. It was Jules Janin who said to him one day : " Why just amuse your friends ; why not go on the stage ? " Monnier pondered the suggestion, reckoning the profits of art and authorship. He made his *début* at the Théâtre de Vaudeville on July 5, 1851.

Alexandre Dumas and others have written of that night. The whole fashionable and artistic society of Paris was there to witness the unprecedented sight of a well-known artist and writer, with no professional training for the stage, taking a leading part in a play. Unanimously they testified to Monnier's success. His was a naturalistic style of acting based on mimicry and unfamiliar to the Paris stage. For a time it proved irresistible, but it was not long before the actor of the hour was exiled to the provinces.

As Monnier's star seemed to fall, Monsieur Prudhomme's fame was rising. Monnier once said that he invented this celebrated character in 1829 with General Beauvais as his model, but he also drew on a Monsieur Petit he had known in the Ministry. Monsieur Prudhomme began as a figure in Monnier's drawings, became a *personnage* in his plays, and was finally a character he acted. Monsieur Prudhomme is short and stout, with a round bald head, whiskers and double chin clean shaven. A suggestion of benevolence comes from the eyes behind the spectacles. His clothes are well cut and a little old fashioned. He is pompous, well-fed and not profoundly intelligent. He stands for the mercantile and civil service *bourgeois*, the ruling class of France from 1789 to 1940. Monnier's *Memoirs de Monsieur Joseph Prudhomme* fill in the details of his life. The historian of Monsieur Prudhomme need never be short of material.

Not so with Monnier himself. Miss Melcher leaves the reader with some doubts about his later years. Just how big a fool, one wonders, did Monnier become in the eyes of his friends ? His biographer quotes an incredibly brash letter he addressed to Flaubert in 1857 :

> I have indicated to many of our friends all my admiration for *Madame Bovary* : many authors, the majority, have seen in me the apothecary, so they had me write the play, and after it was written, I offered it to a director who accepted it and I am rehearsing it, all this without your permission . . . Please be good enough, Sir, to let me know whether your intention is to have *Madame Bovary* played, and whether you consider me capable of taking the part of the apothecary . . .

Balzac knew Monnier well ; as novelist and illustrator they worked together on several books. But if Balzac based his Bixiou on Monnier (and Miss Melcher confirms the opinion of the time) Monnier can hardly have felt flattered. In fact it appears that Balzac went one further—not only was Monnier Bixiou, he was Prudhomme. When Monnier died of asthma in January, 1877, Bertall remembered Balzac saying : " Henry Monnier is . . . very strange and very witty. But everything with him is superficial, he represents better than anyone our unbelieving, mocking era, sceptical and unaware of its own significance . . . when he makes fun of Monsieur Prudhomme, he does not even know he is making fun of himself."

MAURICE CRANSTON

THE WORLD MADE EASY

Policy for the West. By BARBARA WARD. *Penguin Books.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Penguin Books are reprints of books that have been tried and have proved successful; Penguin Specials are rearrangements of ideas that have been tried and have proved successful. Miss Ward's book is a Penguin Special. It would give much pleasure to Bouvard and to Pécuchet. It contains every known idea on political and economic questions that had wide currency in the year 1950; and if the future historian wants to know what an enlightened English publicist believed at mid-century, he will find the answer here. There is something for everyone; defence against Russia; the economics of full employment; moral uplift. Miss Ward is not afraid to face difficulties. That is to say, she puts up the arguments against her policy and then shoots them down pretty quick. The result is a book which may be described as courageous and inspiring. It could also be described as a collection of political commonplaces, worn out by excessive use where they are not misleading. It all depends whether you like a book where the author gives you an occasional kick to keep you awake; if you prefer a soothing bedtime story (Norland nurse, not old-fashioned nanny type) Miss Ward's is the book for you. After all, what is the point of Penguin Books? To be sold on railway book-stalls. The detective stories are for those who wish to stay awake; the Specials are for those who wish to go to sleep. Miss Ward's is a valuable addition to the latter class. It is all done so plausibly and so gracefully, two words or ten doing so loyally the work of one, that it does not even arouse the most querulous reader's disagreement. But if he ever does come awake he may reflect, sadly and regretfully, that the world is in reality a much more difficult place than Miss Ward seems to find it.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Collected Papers, Volume V. By S. FREUD. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

Freud wrote practically nothing that is without interest and originality, but this final volume of his *Collected Works* will in the main appeal to the methodical student of the development of Freud's thought, and the history of Psychoanalysis. The papers can be divided into three sections: a group of " prehistoric " essays on hypnotism and hysterical phenomena, before the concept of psychoanalysis was developed; various prefaces and encyclopedia articles which re-state ideas and constructs which Freud had developed in other form elsewhere; and finally the papers of his old age, which he wrote subsequently to the publication of the four volumes of his *Collected Works* in 1925. For the non-specialised reader the two most important are probably the essay on *Dostoievsky and Parricide* and the long discussion about the termination of analysis, *Analysis Terminable and Interminable*. It also contains two of Freud's

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final attempts to grapple with one of the problems which he found most intractable: the psychological development of women. He found it almost impossible to regard woman as other than a mutilated man; but his attempts to discipline his patriarchal prejudices in *Some Psychological Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction of the Sexes* (1925) and *Female Sexuality* (1931) arouse respect for his scientific integrity. The volume has all the fluency and accuracy of translation which one associates with James Strachey's editorship; but one wonders why the paper *Psychoanalyse and Telepathie* (1921) was not included. Freud was not ashamed of his continued interest in extra-sensory phenomena, and they almost certainly play a role in the psychoanalytic situation. Can it be that the editors lack their teacher's courage, and are ashamed of exhibiting him as other than a conventional nineteenth-century materialist? It is apparently the only paper of any importance that is now omitted.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,092

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The other night Scotland Yard, in a statement denying that they had sought the assistance of a Dutch clairvoyant in tracing the stolen coronation stone, added: "He is only one of many telepathists, clairvoyants, water diviners, etc., who have offered us information." The usual prizes are offered for a letter (200 words) from a telepathist, clairvoyant, water diviner and etcetera, placing his suggestions before Scotland Yard. Entries by February 6th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,089

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are invited to write, for the usual prizes, a Spenserian stanza of an informative nature, suitable for distribution during the Festival of Britain, about any one English county.

Report by Naomi Lewis

A touch of Tudor never comes amiss in our national culture, whether expressed through architecture or advertising. Therefore the Spenserian stanza. But—I really had to look again at the terms of the competition—why the self-depreciation in so many of the entries? Modesty is all very well, but a grim you-take-us-as-you-find-us attitude is hardly in place in documents of this kind. Other competitors—pandering, perhaps, to a transatlantic misconception—made history stop at a date well before the departure of the *Mayflower*. It may be, of course, that these writers had in mind the Festival of 1551. Sussex and Yorkshire had, as one might expect, no lack of bards; I was sorry, though, to find the poets of some of our more mysterious counties (Rutland, for instance) remaining silent. M.P.-R.'s *Wiltshire* had a fine beginning:

Above the barracks and the aerodrome
Which spread across the windy Wiltshire plain,
See, tourist, early man made once his home:
His earthworks show like shadows in the grain.

And a charming verse on Hertfordshire came from a youthful competitor (D. Bentley):

There is a lovely county, safely kept
Beyond foul London's noise and sooty grime,
Whose willows over crystal streams have wept
Before the bells from Alban's Church did chime,
Which as men know is nigh as old as time . . .

Honourable mentions to these and to Pibwob, Laurence Fowler, A. Raybould, Francis Bennion, H. A. C. Evans, Pauline Willis, Gordon Neville, Stanley Umpleby, K. L. Vinall, Kenneth Chester, Guy Kendall. A guinea each to those printed below.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

The fens stretch Northward—coveted black land,
Reluctant salvage from the greedy tides.
The chalk giants Gog and Magog Southward stand
And feed thin harvests on their stony sides.
But in the centre *Science* cloistered hides,
Heeds not the Eastward *Turf's* beguiling words,
Looks Westward to its farms' empiric pride,
Where in fenced woods Dons stoop to study birds,
Where highbrow farmers toil, and tend the low-browed herds. M. A. VINCE

SUFFOLK

Broad Brandon boys still knap the ancient flint;
Black Shuck, the Hound of Thor, haunts Peddars Way,
Once bright with royal pilgrims' jewelled glint;
And Bury's saint sleeps his eternal day
Beneath rich sorrow-pressed monastic clay;
Newmarket thrills, the thund'ring hoofs resound;
Stour's silver vale's sweet as John's brush did say;
Crabbe's Aldeburgh sings, salt, mem'ry-pebbled ground;
But who knows Thorpeness meare, God's cradled peace has found. DOREEN SLENNETT

MIDDLESEX

They see, who travel on the Great West Road,
From whence—in Ealing, Heston, Perivale—
Come all those mass-produced delights bestowed
The length and breadth of Britain's income-scale.
And from their villas here proceed, by rail—
Returning nightly in a well-crushed mass—
The island race's backbone, who regale
Themselves, their day complete, with sober glass,
Fling darts, choose "four aways," sow seeds, pick weeds, mow grass. D. R. PEDDY

LANCASHIRE

Here tender damosels and matrons leave
Their homes and hie to manufactories
Whereas their flying fingers spin and weave
Fustians and sendals, rich tuffutaffaties
Made to adorn the world's great emperies.
This shire which built to 'illume the gloomy north
That sparckling Tower, the Queen of gaieties,
Can fitly tell the tale of Albion's worth,
And to the three immortal Graces add a fourth.
E. M.

Soon will ye weary of the febrile South,
The turbid Thames, its South Bank's hectic type:
Then Northward!—till black pudding fills your mouth;
Aye, hot-pot, parkin, and delicious tripe!
To visit Lancashire the time is ripe
(The "Red Rose" county, the "Palatinate");
There Blackpool's sea your London dust will wipe
Away, and coloured lights illuminate
The promenade and piers, and trams run fast and late. W. F. OWTRAM

YORKSHIRE

Eight rivers swell the gentle streams of Ouse,
And three broad ridings meet by minster walls.
Who climbs the central tower of York may choose—
Westward are cities under smoky palls,
Factories, pits and men in overalls;
Eastward the bare wolds, 'gainst the sky outlined,
Confront the sea 'mid clamorous sea-birds' calls;
Through abbeyed dales the northern rivers wind:—
A kingdom's life and lore within one shire confined.
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CHESS: Back to the Wall

No. 69

This is meant literally rather than metaphorically, but after all, most of us know from bitter experience that the thrilling hope for a successful back-to-the-wall struggle is the more likely to be doomed when our King is literally "cornered"; it is bad enough for the Monarch to be restricted to his baseline if it lacks proper protection. Here—Korchmar-Pollack, Kiev 1937—the Black Kt was the solitary Palace Guard. Small wonder that White could afford to run up an unlimited expense account to remove the wretched *cavalier* from his precarious sentry duties. After (1) Kt-Kt4, P x Kt. (2) Q x Kt Black could not even touch the Queen on her suicide mission. (2) . . . Q-Q2 was forced, and so were all his subsequent moves. This is what happened:

(3) Q-Q5! K-B1 (5) R-Kt8 ch! K x R
(4) R x KtP Q x Q (6) R-K8 ch and mates next move.

Pretty enough. But in this position—Gondarevski—Julimcev, Prague, 1936—no less drastic punishment was inflicted on a King too confident of having nothing to worry about his baseline. After (1) R-KR1 Black blithely played B-Kt7 and was promptly annihilated by (2) R-R8 ch, K-B2 (3) B-K8 ch!, Kt x B. (4) K-Kt5. Since the "diverted" Kt can no longer molest the White K, nor guard the danger-zone at Black's KB1, mate is now inevitable.

For this week's competition, here are three pretty pieces that may well be overrated with 5 ladder-points each, the more so if I give the useful hint that all of them are well in tune with the subject matter of to-day's article. White to move and win in each of them. A and B are 4-movers. As for C, this actually happened in a game played in Holland ten years ago. It seems incredible that Black, with his two united passed pawns, should have a hopelessly lost endgame. Yet, there is nothing he could do about it.

A: O. Nemo, 1932

B: J. Kling, 1850

C: E. Cortlever, 1941

Usual prizes. Entries by February 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 6.

A: (1) P x P, P-K7. (2) Kt-B6, P queens. (3) Kt x P ch, Q x Kt. (4) R-Kt5 ch, K-K3. (5) R-Kt6 ch, K-B2. (6) R-Kt7 ch.

B: (1) B-B7, R-Kt2. (2) P-Q6, K-Kt4. (3) P-Q7, R x B ch. (4) Kt-B4 ch, R x Kt ch. (5) K-Q2.

If (1) . . . R-Kt6. (2) P-Q6, R-Q6. (3) K-B2, R-Q5. (4) K-B3, R-Q8. (5) K-B4, K-R6. (6) Kt-B3, followed by Kt-Q5.

(1) K-B2 is refuted by K-R6. (1) Kt-B3 ch by K-Kt5.

Some of our most valiant "cracks" were stumped by B. Very few competitors saw the witty point (the counter-check) in the main variation of that intricate piece. The only flawless analysis of both these difficult studies came from A. J. Roycroft and earns him a well deserved First, 2nd prize going to Eric Allan who also saw every subtlety of Heuaecker's teaser, but dropped one ladder-point by omitting one variation in the other study.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men for appointment as Director of Royal Ordnance Factories (Accounts). The appointment is full time for a period of three years. Main duties of post are to control the accounting and costing organisation of Royal Ordnance Factories (at present comprising about twenty factories). Headquarters office is at Mottingham, S.E.9; factories are in London and provinces. Applicants must have had: (a) good professional experience; (b) recent commercial and industrial experience in preparation and presentation of financial and cost accounts and budgeting control (preferably in a group of engineering factories); (c) experience in control of staff. They should be members of one or more of the recognised professional bodies, but, exceptionally, the application of any candidate who otherwise satisfies fully the above requirements will be considered. Inclusive salary of the post is £2,500 per annum. Travelling and subsistence allowances in accordance with the Ministry's scales will be payable in respect of absences on duty from Headquarters. Candidates with the best qualifications will be summoned to appear before a Selection Board in London. Applications should be made within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement, by letter only, stating age, name and full particulars of qualifications and experience, to Ministry of Labour and National Service, Appointments Department, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1, quoting reference J.I.5. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Jurisprudence. Salary £A1,899 per annum (including £A49 cost-of-living allowance) subject to superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 15, 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Jamaica. A vacancy exists in Jamaica for a Commissioner of Commerce and Industries who will be in charge of the Department of Commerce and Industries. This Department deals with all forms of marketing, including the control and bulk sale of export crops, and has general functions relating to the economic development of the Colony. Candidates should possess wide commercial and administrative experience in responsible positions, including experience in marketing perishable products. The possession of academic qualifications would be an advantage. The salary is £1,600 per annum for a permanent and pensionable appointment on two years' probation. The age limit is 45. Intending applicants should submit brief particulars of age, qualifications and experience to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, South Africa.—Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor of English. The salary of the post is on the scale £1,100×50—£1,400 a year, together with a temporary cost-of-living allowance, which at present is £124 16s. per year for a married man or a man with dependants, and £83 4s per year for others. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College Leicester. Applications are invited for the following appointments on the staff of the Institute of Education: (a) Staff Tutor. Applicants should be graduates, preferably with teaching experience in primary schools. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, within the scales for lecturers (£500—£900 and £800—£1,100), with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. (b) Administrative Assistant. Applicants should be graduates. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, within the scale £450—£550, with membership of F.S.S.U. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by February 10.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Report Writers in the Monitoring Service, near Reading, Berkshire. Necessary qualifications include a wide knowledge of, and interest in, world affairs and ability to prepare and edit for publication analysis of broadcasts intercepted from all parts of the world, in particular the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, the Middle East, the Far East and Western Europe. Successful candidates must be prepared to undertake periods of service abroad. Starting salary £835 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments to a five years' progression to £1,080 per annum, maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Report Writers (Mon. Sen." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped add. env.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Chair and Alabaster Carving, one week course Feb. 3 to 10. Wood sculpting, two weeks course Feb. 19 to Mar. 3. Block Cutting & Printing, two weeks' course, Feb. 19 to Mar. 3. Potato and Stick Printing, week-end Feb. 23 to 25. Lettering, long week-end Feb. 23 to 26. Fuller course, Feb. 23 to Mar. 2. Further programme from Principal.

INSTANTANEOUS French from few mins. daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PARIS at Easter! Friendly party staying in Montparnasse quarter. Night travel, leaving March 22, returning morning 27th: £12 18s.; March 22-April 1: £17 15s. Prices incl. fare, full pension, coach tour and theatre ticket. Also Educational Tour for teen-agers, March 23-April 1. Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

MOUNTAINEERING holidays. Learn rock and ice technique at our centre in the Tyrol. One week preliminary instruction and breaking-in; second week a climbing tour. Charge for 16-day holiday, including all equipment, £35 12s. 6d. Details from Ramblers' Association, 48V Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

BADGASTEIN, Austria's renowned spa for rheumatism, arthritis, bad circulation. Easter Party March 22-April 1, £23 15s. March 22-April 15, £35 15s. E.L.B., 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CORSICA. 1951's cheapest and best holiday by air. A fortnight in this glorious Mediterranean island can again be enjoyed this season! Details from Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Tel.: City 7163/4.

WINTER sports party to Austria, Feb. 2 or 16 have vacancies for other young professional and university people, also Stratford-on-Avon week-end, Feb. 23. Easter arrangements incig. Paris party. Film Show and Travel Forum, Jan. 30. Full dtls.: Rms Low, 9 Rosecroft Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

IF you have never seen Spring in Lakeland mists and rain, this wonderful experience this year! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, in a unique and delightful position for exploring the district, offers unrivalled views, good food and friendly atmosphere, at reasonable charges. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

HASTINGS 4571. Congenial, socialist, musical atmosphere. Excel. meals; gardens. Families assured perfect holiday. Continental." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

A HOMELY welcome, cosy, cuisine and sunny holidays await you at Hotel Celisse Rose, Menton, A.M. 1,200/yr. incl. per day.

CORNWALL. Spring, so full with flowers comes in January here among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Excellent for asthma. Every comfort. Trebartock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to 1,000 good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

OXON. Reduced terms for guests wintering at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Genial host. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Oct.-May, 31-5gns. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

ENGLISH Lakes. Come to our restful countryside for complete change. Highly recommended. Mrs. Harden, "Dorchester," 17 Dodding Green, Kendal, Cumb. Tel. 599.

RYE (near) holiday accommodation in country cottage. Farm produce. Full partics.: Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Tel. Iden 205.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 3,370ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs dly., inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

A REAL welcome awaits you at Bevan's Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth. Beautifully situated. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Lounges, Ballroom, etc., Excel. cuisine. Fully licd. R.A.C. Apply: T. H. Marriott, Resident Manager.

ISLE of Wight. West End, Quarr Rd., Binstead. Country house by the sea. Close main buses, garage. 4½ gns.

DEVON & Cornwall for early holidays. Guest Houses in delightful surroundings. Very wide selection. Illustrated brochure No. 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish, Devon.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Menadue, Polperro Rd., Nr. Looe, Cornwall, has commenced booking for season 1951.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Bienheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire, 5gns. per wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

THE Old Hope Anchor, Rye, regrets to inform its clients that it must close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley ideal for rest and recuperation. House-grown produce: log fires; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr Stroud, Glos Tel: Painswick 2312

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Connaught Court Hotel. Tel. 1944. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort. Superlative food. 6gns. wkly. 7-8½gns. June onwards.

HIKERS, cyclists: accom. & board, woodland cottage, nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 3½gns. weekly. Box 9731.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. sandy Cornish Bay. Box 778.

BOURNEMOUTH, Whitehall Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Central Gardens. 37 bedrooms. H. & c. Telephones. Lift. Very central. Reduced winter terms. Summer terms 8 to 11 gns. Phone B'mouth 7155/6/7.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hiwarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

WEST Highland Coast: Britain's finest holiday region. Home-produced vegetarian food. Achaglachgach, Tarbert, Argyll.

BLUEBELL woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. Simple accommodation with friendly people; remote Pennine Valley. From 3gns. Mrs Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Nr. Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

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WESTERN Lake District. Ivens Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

OXFORD. Modern Guest House. Divan sitting-rooms, h. & c. 100 yds. bus. Mod. terms. 194 Divinity Rd., Oxford 2855.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DIVAN sitting-room to let with partial board, 3½gns. Comfortable home with excellent food. Call: 98 Maida Vale, W.9, or Phone MAI. 4154.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4357. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

PIED-à-terre in small Kensington period house, complete privacy. Very moderate terms if away week-ends. Box 880.

FLATS, s/c., newly built and furn. in Georgian terrace in Bloomsbury. Two rooms, kit., bathroom. From 5gns. p.w. Also 2 maisonettes: 6 rms. 8gns. p.w. Box 661.

GOLDERS Green. A comfortable bedsitting room. Professional or business person. Linen and use of kitchen. 45s. inc. Breakfast optional. SPEedwell 8956.

A LARGE sunny bed-sitting room offered to professional man in young couple's Hampstead flat. Tennis court available. £2 15s. with breakfast. Phone, MAI. 6828.

TO let, one or two furnished rooms in ultra-modern flat, use of kitchen and bath. Overlooking Hampstead Heath. Tel. 597.

BED-sitting room in modern house offered by prof. couple (Jewish) to business/prof. lady. Phone: Gipsy Hill 1047.

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GOOD-sized light bed-sitting room, all conveniences, to let to woman. Very reasonable. Park 6451.

FURNISHED or partly furnished room in newly-built house Muswell Hill, own basin (h. & c.), fire, etc., for 1 offered in exchange rent to business woman/student willing to sit in. Ring Tudor 1731.

COMF. accom. near London offered young musician. 59s. 6d. incl. Box 657.

ACCOM. offered artist or writer in country cottage near Oxford. Box 787.

MODERNISED cottage, sea close. Private suite sleep three, own stit. Furnished beach hut with cooking facilities. Breakfast evening meal on request. Moderate inclusive terms. Palmer, 2 Harbour View, St. Helens, I.o.W. Bembridge 337.

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EXCHANGE modern flat 4 rooms, k. & b. cen. htg., frig., etc., for 4- or more bedroom house, London area. Tel. Streatham 6771 or Box 759.

HOMESEEKERS should read "The Homefinder," the biggest and best Property Magazine. Over 1,000 houses advertised in every issue. 9d. Monthly from Newsagents. By post 1s., or 11s. 6d. a year. Homefinders, Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, E.C.2.

ACCOMMODATION, etc.—continued

FLAT /house, furn./unfurn., urgently regd. for small family, London or 20-mile radius. Minimum 4 rooms. Moderate rent. Box 885.

SUB-Editor requires unfurnished accommodation in London. Civilised and careful tenant. Box 930.

GENTLEWOMAN, engaged Government Social work in connection Displaced Persons, would rent and greatly appreciate comfortable room London. Use of bathroom and kitchen. Frequent absences abroad. Write Box 424, Harrods Advertising Agency, S.W.1.

STUDIO flat or maisonnette rqd. by singing-teacher. Max. incl. rent £300 p.a. Replies: Sec., London Opera Club, 37 Kingswood Court, N.W.6. MAI. 0058.

WILL music lover let room to professional singer (f) with own piano; unfurnished or partly furnished. Box 822.

UNIV. professor reqs. bed-sitg.-rm. London distr. Mondays-Fridays. Box 844.

AMERICAN student couple and child seek furnished apartment London area for one year beginning March 15. Box 276.

STUD. cpl. & baby need unfurn. flat. Will pay for furn./flt./redec. for control rent. Essential: within ½ hr. Strand. Box 771.

AUSTRALIAN couple, post graduate work London University two years, want furnished flat, pref. N.W. or Middlesex. Please ring Park 8471, evenings.

PROF. couple with happy child, S. Af. refugees, req. furn./unfurn. flat/house, 3/4 rms. Anywhere, pref. Hampstead/Highgate, from April 1. Box 855.

DOCTOR & wife, with baby, require unfurnished/furnished flat/house Greater London. Min. 3 rms. plus k. & b. Write fully: Rose, 2 Holstein Ave., Rochdale, Lancs.

URGENTLY wanted. Unfurnished flat for young business couple. Small sum only /or furniture & fittings. Box 871.

MARRIED couple req. small furn. flat/cottage S. England, April, May, June. Reply Airmail: Whitfield, Hantoub School, Wad Medani, Sudan.

COUPLE req. small s.c. flat, house or cottage to rent. Furnished or unfurn. Anywhere S.E. England. Box 883.

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SCHOOLS

FORTIS Green School, N.2. Vacancies for weekly boarders. Feb., one eight-year-old. April, two five-year-olds. Sept., three five-year-olds. Apply Principal.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to 18. University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.) St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Hedda Gabler." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

ATTIC Players. Euripides' "Iphigenia In Tauris," transl. Philip Vellacott, Rudolph Steiner Hall, Jan. 31, 7.45 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. from J. A. L. Hamilton, Dulwich College, S.E.21/GIP. 5636/ at door.

EURYTHMY. A New Art of Movement proceeding from the Goetheanum School for Spiritual Activity in Science and Art. Rudolf Steiner frequently described it as "Visible Speech" and "Visible Song." A performance will be given at The Twentieth Century Theatre, 291 Westbourne Grove, W.11, on Sunday, February 4, at 3.30 p.m. Tickets from Rudolf Steiner Library, 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. (Tel.: Mus. 0906).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 28: "Dark Deborme in (A). From Jan. 29 Anouk in Les Amants de Verone (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Jan. 28, 7.30. "Berliner Ballad" (U).

GORKI'S "Artamonov & Sons" on the screen at Scala Theatre, W.1. 7.30, Tues., Feb. 6. Res. seats: B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 1s. 6d., 2s. 3s., 4s. Book early.

I.C.A. Film Season. Jan. 29, 7.45 p.m., at French Inst., S. Kensington: Magnificent Ambersons (Orsen Welles); Van Gogh, Hermit Crab (Painleve). Adv. Bkgs., Mems. only, from 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

NEW Era Film Club. "Strange Victory" (Première of full-length American Labour Movement Film), "Suspension Bridge" (Hungarian 1949), "Song of the People" (Co-op. Centenary Film), "Hollywood Ten." Mems. 2s., guests 2s. 6d., Fri. & Sat., Feb. 2 and 3. Details tickets and membership from A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

FILM Show and Travel Forum: Are you interested in holidays abroad? Come and see holiday films of Corsica, France, Italy and Austria. Travel experts will answer your questions. Kensington Town Hall, January 30, 6.30-10.30 p.m. Tickets, 2s. Apply to Erna Low, Personal Travel Service, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EAST & West Film Society. "Four Steps in the Clouds." Grand Italian Film Revival of Great Western success. Also a short film from The East. Sun., Feb. 11, 3.30. Mems. free. Visitors 3s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

BBC. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Jan. 31, at 8. Tallis Fantasia (Vaughan Williams); Symphony No. 6 in E minor (Vaughan Williams); Violin Concerto in D (Brahms); Academic Festival Overture (Brahms). Soloist: Giocondo de Vito. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual agents.

ROYAL Albert Hall, Mon., Feb. 5, at 7.30. Gwen Catley, Norman Walker, Eileen Joyce. Sir Adrian Boult. London Philharmonic Orchestra. (Sponsored by the "News of the World.") All profits to the British Empire Cancer Campaign. Tickets: 21s., 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual Agents. Management: Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

THE London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd. (in assoc. with A. C. Gt. B.) presents Nikolai Sokoloff: London Symphony Orchestra. Jean Watson. This Sun. at 3, Royal Albert Hall. Overture, "Coriolan," Beethoven; "Parto, parto" and "Non piu di fiori" ("Titus"), Mozart; Symphony No. 38 ("Prague"), Mozart; Suite, "New York Profiles," Dello Joio; Pavane, Faure; "El Amor Brujo," Falla. Mgt.: Harold Holt Ltd. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212 & all Agts.

L.C. & C.C. Society present London Classical Orchestra. Conductor: Trevor Harvey. Chelsea Town Hall, Tues., Jan. 30, at 8.30: Overture, "Barber of Seville," Paisiello; Fantasia Variations on a Norfolk Folk Song, Ernest Walker; Saxophone Concerto, Phyllis Tate. First London Concert Performance; Prelude, Elegy & Finale (repeat perf.), Fricker; An Old Song, Peter Warlock; Symphony in B flt. maj., No. 33, K319, Mozart. Soloist, Rinus van Zelm. 8s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. Cecil Roy, Ltd., 74 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0121, & Agents; also Chelsea Town Hall (night of concert only). Mgt. Richard Heller, 225a, Lauderdale Mansions, W.9.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Langham 6593). Recital of Folk Music by the Hounslow Co-operative Girls' Choir. Compère: Mr. Charles Ringrose (National Organiser W.M.A.). Friday, January 26, at 7.45 p.m. at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments.

EDITH Vogel, Beethoven (Hammerklavier), Op. 106; Schubert Op. 143, Schumann Op. 11. Sat., Feb. 3, at 7. Wigmore Hall. 9s. 6d., 3s., at hall and agents. Mgt. Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., 13 Thayer St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Jan. 28, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Vegh String Quartet. Haydn G. Op. 76; Bartok 4. Beethoven in E mi. Adm. 1s.

INTERNATIONAL Dance, Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Sat., 27, at 8 p.m. Band. Buffet. Admission 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Central Australia by Sidney Nolan; Retrospective paintings by Sylvia Gosse; Watercolours by Vera Cuningham. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by James Hull, watercolours by Red Taylor, and original French lithographs.

RANDOLPH Schwabe Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square. Open till Jan. 27. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

TWELVE Artists from Around St. Ives. Paintings, Sculpture and crafts. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MATTA (New Paintings) at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Jan. 17-Feb. 14. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Steet, W.1. Mobiles by Alexander Calder. Daily, 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of works by Genia Green. Recent Pictures by Robin Ironside. Until February 10.

AN Exhibition of Posters from Poland at Foyle's Art Gallery, 119 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (incl. Sats.), January 5-February 2. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Prof. R. H. Tawney, M.A., speaks on "The Philosophy of Socialism in the Mid-Twentieth Century" at National Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Friday, Feb. 2, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "The Rearmament of Germany." Debate between Colin Brooks, M.C., Editor of "Truth," and Basil Davidson, M.C., General Secretary of the Union of Democratic Control, also on Editorial staff of "The New Statesman & Nation." Chairman: Malcolm B. Purdie. Thursday, February 1, 1951, at 7.30 p.m. St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Visitors 1s. 6d. Reserve seats—Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish Street, W.1. WEL. 0136.

UNITED Nations Assocn. Conference. "Nations and Communism." Speakers: Michael Sadleir, Leonard Constantine, Dr. Victor Purcell, M.G. Chair: Christopher Mayhew, M.P. 17.2-5. 6-8 p.m. Lr. Hall, Kingsway Hall. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Apply Mtgs. Sec., U.N.A. 25 Charles St., W.1.

"CHINA Crisis," Ealing Town Hall, Feb. 6, 8 p.m. Doors open 7.30. Spkrs.: Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Kingsley Martin.

CLASS Z Reservists. Emergency Conference, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Friday, Feb. 9, 7 p.m. Discussion led by Fenner Brockway, M.P., Chairman of the Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Adm. free. Org. by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. (EUS. 5501.)

FABIAN Conference, Sunday, Feb. 4, 2.30 to 7 p.m. Nat. T.U. Club, Gt. Newport St. "Socialism and the Study of Man." Lecturer: Austen Albu, M.P. Details and tickets (3s. 6d. incl. tea) from P. H. Meyer, 68, Holland Park, W.11.

WOMEN'S Freedom League in conjunction with the Status of Women Committee. Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Wed., Jan., 31, 7.30 p.m. "Marriage or Career: The case for both. Chairman: Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, D.B.E. Speakers: Betty Jones, Lord Pethick Lawrence, Joan Robins, Marian Reeves. Adm. free—collection. Res. seats 2s. 6d. from Sec., 144 High Holborn, W.C.1.

FABIAN Women's Group. Dinner on Monday, February 12, at the Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. 7 for 7.15 p.m. Speakers: Suggitarius, "Fabian Fancies," Margaret Cole, "Fabian Women, Past and Present." Non-members of the Group very welcome. Details from Sec., Fabian Women's Group, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PETER Freeman, M.P., will be lecturing on "Reincarnation" on Jan. 29, at 7 p.m., in Room 15, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. All are welcome.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. Annual General Meeting on Mon., Jan. 29, at 8 p.m., Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8.

"RUDOLF Steiner and Medicine." Lecture by Dr. Degenaar at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Fri., Feb. 2, 7 p.m.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

MR. J. C. SPENCER will speak on "Recent Developments in the Modern Prison System," Feb. 2, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DISCUSSION Meetings, National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place. Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m. Jan. 31, Donald Wade, M.P., "Liberty and the Liberal Heritage." Feb. 14, A. L. F. MacDonald, M.P., "Cost of Living." Feb. 21, Sir Andrew McFadyean, "World Affairs." Admission Free.

HAROLD Wilson, M.P., speaks at Kingsway Hall, W.C.1, on Sat., Feb. 17, at 2.30 p.m. on "Politics and Industry." Chair: Ian Mikardo, M.P. The Society of Socialist Managers and Technicians. Admission free. Everybody welcomed.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Wed., January 31, at 6.30, a lecture by Senator Stefano Jacini: "Relazioni tra Stato e Chiesa nel Risorgimento" (in Italian). Admission free.

HISTORICAL Assocn. Dulwich Branch. Laurence Tanner, M.V.O., on "The Muniments of Westminster Abbey." 8 p.m. Feb. 9, at Dulwich College This. 2s. Hon. Sec., 71, Alleyn Park, S.E.21. Members free.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Gordon Schaffer. Subject: "How I See Czechoslovakia." Chair.: Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. All welc. Adm. free.

"GERMAN Defence," Rt. Hon. F. Bellenger, P.C., M.P. Fri., Feb. 2, 7.30, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Association German Socialdemocrats.

LENIN and the Fight for Peace. Anniversary Lecture, by R. P. Dutt, and Soviet Film "Lenin in 1918." Islington Town Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 7 p.m. Tickets 1s 6d from London District Communist Party, 75 Farringdon Road, E.C.1, or at the door.

RECENT Controversies in Soviet Medical Theory. Discussion for doctors, biologists, philosophers. Mon., Jan. 29, 8. S.C.R. Medical Committee, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (members & students 1s.).

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 1, 6.30.—Sir George Rendel, K.C.M.G., on: "Diplomacy To-Day." Adm. free.

TRANSLATION from Russian. Examples of unpublished new work. Readings by Alex McCrindle and others. Tues., Jan. 30, 7.30. S.C.R. Translators' Group. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Non-members 1s.

SOVIET Teaching of English History: Lecture by Christopher Hill, Sat., Feb. 3, 10.30 a.m. S.C.R. History Committee, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Non-members 1s.

"SUN, Air & Water Treatments," Dr. E. F. Meyer, M.D. Leipsig, L.R.C.P. & S. Edin. & Glas., Mon., Jan. 29, 7.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

COME & hear Iris Morley & Andrew Rothstein recently in U.S.S.R. talk about "The Russian People." Kensington Town Hall, Mon., Jan 29, at 8. Kens. B.S.F.S. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Isabel Brown on "Stop Rearming the Nazis." Mon. next Jan 29, 8 p.m. H'stead Communist Pty.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Jan. 30, J. Henry Lloyd: "What do we Owe to Marx?" Adm. free. Collection.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. Feb. 1: "The Great Teachers of the World."

G. E. O'DELL: "Omar, Job and Kohleith." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, Jan. 28, 11 a.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Sq., W.1. Studio Group presents a Hat Debate "We Beg to Differ." Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8 p.m. Non-members, 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Feb. 3, 6 p.m. M. André Leger (Alliance Française), "L'importance du sport en France. Les différents sports pratiqués."

LINGUAFILM. New method of learning languages with sound films. Demonstrations every Mon., 5, 6.15 & 8 p.m. 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Adm: 2s. 6d.

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THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, W.1. Sun. Jan. 28: Man—The Maker of his Destiny.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Jan. 28, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "What Shaw has Taught Us." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

"FLOWERS in House and Garden." A lecture by Constance Spry, F.R.H.S., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Mon., Jan. 29, at 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Jan. 31, 6.30. "Sufism." Imam Abdul Majid.

LUNCH Hour talks on Yoga & the Mind. Tuesdays, 1 p.m., Jan. 30, Meditation, a modern view. Feb. 6 "Enquiry." Caxton Hall.

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UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "The Medieval Book, 12th-13th Centuries" will be given by Dr. R. W. Hunt (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on Jan. 29, Feb. 5 and 12, at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Adm. Free, without ticket.

BRITISH Soviet Friendship Society. Annual Conference, Feb. 3 & 4, Beaver Hall, E.C.4. All organisations invited to send delegates or observers. Send fee, 2s. 6d. per person, to B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (Tel.: CLE. 4161.)

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